

realizations too late

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realizations too late

by [woot_wooot](#)

Summary

Dream is dead and the rest of the server slowly begins to realize that they aren't as perfect as they thought they were.

SEQUEL TO 'A FLAWED DEAL'

Notes

TW: SELF-HARM, MENTIONS OF SUICIDE

Chapter 1

George couldn't move. He was collapsed on the floor, unable to do anything but grip the porcelain mask on his hands tighter as if it might slip right through his fingers and be taken along with the rest of Dream. Dream. Dream was *gone*.

Dream was de-

He held the mask tighter.

The world around him continued to move. Something was screaming. For a second, George wondered if it was himself before he realized that the sound wasn't even something close to human. George's head snapped up. *The egg*.

Fuck. He'd forgotten all about that.

DreamXD seemed to have figured it out though. He was doing...something to it. George really couldn't tell through the tears but the egg was shriveling up into itself, turning from a muddy yellow (though he had been told it was actually red) into a light blue. Gradually, it withered away into nothing but an empty broken shell.

And just like that, the egg that had terrorized the server for years was finally gone.

George tried to feel some sense of joy but he couldn't. Dream was gone. The server was free but Dream was *gone*. George pulled the mask impossibly closer. He tried to speak, maybe to thank DreamXD or maybe to yell at him for taking Dream but he couldn't get a word out.

"It worked. That mad bastard actually did it," Tommy broke the silence, disbelief evident in his voice. Another pause and then, in a much smaller voice. "He..he can't really be gone right?" A sob broke through George before he could stop it. "He can't! He's Dream. Dream can't. He can't die. That green bitch wouldn't die if we dragged him to hell itself and locked him there." Tommy was rambling now but George found himself nodding along to every word.

"Yeah. Yeah, you're right," Sapnap agreed, voice cracking as he spoke. "He's not dead. He just respawned. Probably laughing his ass off at us in the prison right now."

Hope swelled in George's chest and finally, his voice began working again. "We're going to go in there and hear his stupid wheezing from a mile away and he's going to call us idiots for believing that and it's going to be okay."

"It's going to be okay," Sapnap repeated.

George felt like an idiot for believing anything else. Of course Dream wasn't dead. Dream was Dream. Dream wouldn't go down like that. Not without a fight and some dramatic monologue. He wouldn't let himself die by essentially a suicide mission. No, he was too self-centered for that.

~~'Or was he?'~~ a traitorous part of his brain whispered ~~'How many times has Dream taken a hit for you? Protected you with his life? Gave you more resources than he could afford to just because you asked?'~~. George chose to ignore it.

Yeah, Dream was simply too much of an egotistical prick to do anything like that. He must still be alive. He had to be.

A shout from outside broke through his thoughts. George listened harder, there seemed to be multiple of them yelling and...laughing? Then, it clicked. The rest of the server must have been freed.

A grin made its way onto George's face as he stuffed the mask into his satchel and stood up. Things were fine. The egg was gone, the server was free, and Dream was okay. ~~Dream was okay he had to be okay what would George do if he wasn't okay? How would he survive?~~

Soon enough, people were crowding into the now empty egg room, still laughing and shouting. George even spotted a few already crying. Many of them hadn't properly spoken to each other in months and they'd all missed each other.

At first, even those most attached to the egg had plenty of time free from it until they were called. They could spend entire days (mostly) free from its influence if the egg wasn't calling them. But, eventually, it took more and more of their time up until a couple of months ago where they had been completely under the control of the egg at all times. It had hit Sapnap the hardest. Both of his fiances had gotten infected and now spent their time actively hunting them down. He went quiet nearly all the time, only really speaking to George and even then, his answers were clipped and left no room for proper conversation.

So, when he locked eyes with Karl and Quackity, he ran at them faster than George had ever seen Sapnap run and immediately tackled them both. George smiled at the sight and promised himself he would do the same with Dream next time he saw him. After yelling at him for faking a canon death of course.

~~But it wasn't faked. Dream was dead and everyone was celebrating. How could they be celebrating when Dream was dead. Dream was *dead*.~~

George pushed the thought away and pulled Bad in for another hug. Dream was fine. Probably moping that he was back in the prison or something. Everything was fine. It had to be.

After hours of tearful reunions and apologies, someone looked around and curiously asked, “How did you even get rid of the egg?”

Sam, who had been talking with Ponk immediately stiffened and whipped his head around the room. His face paled as he found nothing.

“Where the hell is Dream?”

Instantly, the happiness from the room was drained and everyone pulled out a weapon, ready to strike the second they saw the blonde. Arguments broke out immediately.

“You guys took Dream out of the prison? Seriously?”

“And then lost him!”

“Godammit. I thought we agreed to leave that bastard in there.”

George opened his mouth to speak and reassure them that Dream was back in prison when another voice spoke instead.

“He is gone.” It was DreamXD. George looked around for the voice in confusion. Hadn’t he left? But then George spotted him walking out of a dark corner that he must have been in this whole time.

“What do you mean ‘gone’?” Bad asked hesitantly.

“He gave his last canon life to save the server. He’s dead”. And at those words, George’s false reality began to fall apart.

“George? Sapnap? Is he saying the truth?” Sam asked. After receiving no answer, he tried again. “Guys? Tommy?”

“N-No Well, we saw him die but it couldn’t have been canon. It was practically a suicide. Not very Dream-esque if you know what I mean.” Tommy let out an awkward laugh as he spoke.

The room was silent for only a moment before everyone started arguing again.

“So is he dead or not?”

“Are you sure this isn’t another trick?”

“What do you mean a suicide?”

“CAN SOMEONE JUST EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED FOR THE LOVE OF GOD?” The room fell silent once more and all eyes turned to Sapnap and George.

“It’s...complicated.” George took a deep breath before the explanation tumbled out of him. “We just brought him out to take care of the egg. And I mean, he was a mess. Looked like he hadn’t eaten in weeks and was covered in these- in these scars. Then he started talking in this weird language and DreamXD joined the surver. They started talking about risks or something and it turns out that Dream used part of DreamXD or something. And to get enough power to get rid of the egg XD had to-” George’s breath caught in his throat as he tried to force the words out but they refused. “He- He’s- He can’t be dead.” His voice broke and he looked up at the raven-haired man a couple of steps away from him. “Sapnap, he can’t be dead. He has to have respawned.”

Sapnap opened his mouth to respond but DreamXD cut him off. "He hasn't." George was almost taken aback at the anger that was in his voice. "It's a bit too late to care about him now isn't it? Only after he's gone do you decide to worry. And even then, you won't even accept it." The god shook his head and stood up. "Here, let me show you how he was living for these past years considering you never even tried to visit." DreamXD stretched a hand out to him.

George hesitated for only a moment before he took the offered hand. DreamXD nodded at him and that was all the warning George got before he found himself standing in the middle of an obsidian room.

The first thing that George processed was just how hot it was. He tried to use the wall for support after being literally teleported by a god only to pull it away immediately. The obsidian burned. Well, not actually but it was certainly enough to hurt.

Then, the smell hit him. A mixture of rotting food which George immediately linked to the concerningly large pile of rotting potatoes and...burnt flesh.

George's eyes widened as he identified the second one. Dream couldn't have...No, that would be ridiculous.

But the smell, the scars, and..oh god the notifications too. His heart sank as he began to click the pieces together.

(*Dream tried to swim in lava*

Concern shot through George the first time he got the message.

'Are you okay?' was typed out on his communicator before he even processed it. It was a habit he had formed years ago, even before they had started dating. Then, right before hitting send, he hesitated. Dream was in the prison now. Dream had left him. Dream deserved anything that was happening to him. He deleted the message.

Dream tried to swim in lava

Dream tried to swim in lava

Dream tried to swim in lava

The next time it was a week later and three messages came, only a couple minutes in between each. ‘Good,’ George thought, ignoring the worry gnawing at every part of him, ‘it’s what he deserves.

It continued on like that for the months following. Every day without fail, he would get multiple pings with the same death message every time. And every time, he ignored them even as his concern grew.

Dream whispers to you: sam is letting me use my communicator for an hour since im on good behavior

George sat there stunned as he stared at the message before him. Should he answer? Did Dream even deserve an answer from him? Part of him begged to type out something- anything. Just wanting to talk to his beloved once again. But, still, he sat there doing nothing.

Dream whispers to you: love, please. let me explain. im sorry

Dream was...apologizing? No. No, Dream wouldn’t apologize. His ego was too big for that, it always was. This was probably a trick. It had to be.

Dream whispers to you: please i havnt spoken to somene in so long. george i love you im sorry

He made his mind up. No response. Dream was just lying- trying to manipulate him or something. George put his communicator away and muted it, intent on ignoring it for the next hour. He went to find Sapnap who was unsurprisingly in the same situation, staring at his communicator as the messages came through. They stayed together for that entire hour, neither mentioning Dream nor the messages. Though the second the hour was up, excuses were immediately made for both parties

to leave so they could check their communicators.

Dream whispers to you: george?

Dream whispers to you: imsorry. im so sorryim sorryimsorryimsorry sorrysosorry

Dream whispers to you: i dont blame you for ignoring me. i deserve it. i did so many terrible things, trust me i know. im trying to be better. just know that i love you always.

Dream tried to swim in lava

And to George's horror, the death messages kept coming. Again and again for the rest of day. No one on the server mentioned them but the effect was obvious. The air was filled with tension and all conversation was awkward. George didn't even know how it was possible for a person to do that to themselves that many times. The kind of pain that many deaths must entail was frankly terrifying.

After it became increasingly obvious he wasn't stopping, George just muted him permanently.

'It's for attention he repeated to himself. 'he wouldn't do this for any other reason. George tried not to think about it anymore after that.)

'Dream must have never stopped,' George thought, feeling sick. 'He probably threw himself into that lava for days after. Probably kept doing it daily after that, knowing him.' George wanted to scream. Dream had spent the last couple of years throwing himself into lava regularly and no one had cared. George hadn't cared. And just as a fresh round of tears began falling down his face, he noticed something else.

The cell was empty.

Not a single person other than him and DreamXD were in there. There was no familiar wheezing or bright green hoodie. Dream wasn't here. Panic began to claw at him as George began to desperately search every inch of the cell. He even went as far as to search the pile of potatoes and throw everything out of the chest like Dream might have been able to hide in there but there was nothing.

Finally, George's shaking legs gave out under him as he slowly began to accept it.

That was a canon death.

Dream was really gone.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

TW: EATING ISSUES, STARVATION, ABUSE OF POWER

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Have you accepted it yet?”

George’s head snapped up and he saw DreamXD standing above him. Pure, unfiltered rage shot through him at the sight. DreamXD was the one to take him away- to let Dream die. He pushed himself up, ignoring the way his legs felt like paper, about to crumble at any second.

“You. You! You’re the one that let him die. We came to you for help and you just took him.” George was practically yelling at this point. “You let him kill himself! Why didn’t you-” He only got a few more sentences out before he was sobbing. “He’s dead. He’s fucking dead. You could’ve-”

“Could’ve what?” DreamXD asked sharply. “Refused? Let the egg take over?” George’s eyes widened at the anger coming from the god in front of him. He’d never seen DreamXD act like this. He’d always been nothing but kind to the server- especially to George. “He wouldn’t have let me. Maybe we could have found another way but death was better than what you offered him. What was it- ten more years in this hellhole and then exile? He wouldn’t have survived another year in here. Did you even see him?” George looked away guiltily but he knew DreamXD was right. The first time he’d set eyes on Dream after he was out of his cell, he hardly recognized him.

(George couldn’t believe the man he was looking at was Dream.)

Dream was always the kind of guy that attention was drawn to immediately. He was all bright-colored hoodies, loud laughter, and he had an ego you could spot a mile away. Everything from his height to his strength to his personality made him almost impossible to ignore.

But the man that was crossing the platform with Sam was...nothing like that. His dirty hoodie was barely holding itself together and it was...concerningly large on him. Even though it used to fit him perfectly, now it slipped down his shoulder and revealed a patchwork of scars that George knew for a fact hadn’t been there before. So many new scars. Even his posture had changed and Dream stood hunched like he was trying to make himself smaller. Nothing about him even hinted at the old, confident Dream that George knew.

(Maybe the prison was worse than he thought.)

“Do you want to know who’s really at fault here?” DreamXD asked and George nodded immediately. “C’mon then.” He reached out his hand once again and this time, George didn’t hesitate for a moment before grabbing it. And just like that, they were in the egg room once again.

The room had dissolved right back into pointless shouting the moment that DreamXD and George left. Sapnap stood by the edge of the crowd, silent, as he watched the rest of them fight. Honestly, he couldn’t even tell what they were talking about. The only words he could properly make out were “Dream” and “prison”. Everything else was just a jumble of gibberish to him.

Sapnap wanted to scream at all of them to just shut the hell up. His brother might be dead and they were all just standing around arguing like a bunch of idiots.

Instead, he leaned on a wall and tried to get himself under control so he didn’t just pointlessly snap at someone or lose control of his fire again. Being a blaze hybrid had its perks but quite literally bursting into flame every time he got too angry was not one of them.

Godammit. When was George coming back? Sapnap needed to talk to him. Needed to know if Dream was okay or not. Needed to know if Dream was even alive. He had to be. *He had to.*

Then, a soft voice snapped him out of his thoughts. “Sap? Are you okay?” Some of the tension drained out of him as he recognized his fiance’s voice. Karl was standing in front of him, worry evident on his face and he reached a soft hand out to touch his cheek. “Sapnap?” Sapnap shook his head in response, not trusting his voice enough to speak. “Look, I know it’s hard to admit that Dream is-”

“He’s not.” The denial was out of his mouth before he could stop it. “I- I know what DreamXD said but George is going to come back any minute and he’s going to tell us that he respawned. He isn’t dead, he can’t be.”

Karl didn’t answer, just stared at him with a sad, knowing look and pulled him into a hug. Sapnap melted into the touch, desperate for any sort of comfort he could get.

He only got a moment of it though because right as he began to relax, a blinding flash of white went through the room and everyone fell silent.

George and DreamXD were back. Sapnap pulled away immediately and scanned for the pair. His eyes locked onto George and instantly, his anxiety kicked in tenfold.

The older was barely standing and even from a distance, Sapnap could easily see that he was sobbing. Without another thought, he took off in his direction and pulled him away from DreamXD immediately.

“What the fuck did you do to him?” Sapnap hissed, letting the British man collapse onto him as he cried.

DreamXD didn’t look the slightest bit intimidated. “All I did was show him the prison. And then he asked to see who was at fault for Dream’s death so, here I am.”

“Sap.” George managed to choke out. “Sapnap he’s gone. He didn’t respawn. Sapnap he’s dead. He’s fucking dead.” Sapnap froze as George continued to sob into his chest.

Dream was really gone.

His brother was dead.

Sapnap couldn’t think. How could he have let this happen? It happened just a couple of feet away from him and he hadn’t been able to stop it. He couldn’t protect him.

“Who?” Sapnap asked, barely keeping the tremble out of his voice. “You said you would show him who was at fault for Dream’s death. Who was it? Because so far the only one here I see at fault is you.” His hand fell to the sword at his side as he started at DreamXD, rage filling through him.

DreamXD chuckled. “Really? Me? It’s ridiculous that you all think it’s my fault here. I only had two options. Either get rid of the egg and let Dream finally be free or reject his offer and let him die in that prison of yours. His death was a mercy. Besides, the server always comes first. It’s in

our code. We exist to protect.”

“Mercy? You killed him!” Sapnap went to pull his sword out but George pushed his hand away before he reached it.

“He’s right,” George said in a small voice. “That prison it’s..terrible. Sapnap, it would be terrible to let an *animal* live in there. Much less a human.”

Sapnap’s eyebrows furrowed. “It wasn’t that bad. Terrible but not...” His voice trailed off. Actually, the more he thought about it, it was pretty inhumane. He’d only been there once, over two years ago, so his memory wasn’t the best but from what he remembered, Dream’s cell had been nothing but a small obsidian box with a couple of items inside. At the time, Sapnap would have easily said that Dream deserved it but now? Honestly, Sapnap couldn’t think of any crime that would make *anyone* deserve to spend years in a place like that.

“You don’t even know the worst of it. But...thankfully for us, we have a certain someone here who does.” DreamXD motioned at someone in the crowd to come forward. “Sam, come here.” Sapnap turned to look at the hybrid as the crowd parted for him to move. He shuffled to the front awkwardly and even though his face was covered by a mask, the tension was obvious in his body language. “Or should I say, Warden? C’mom, why don’t you explain what happened in that prison.”

Sam was silent for a moment before responding. “...It was nothing he didn’t deserve.”

Dread began creeping up on Sapnap as he watched the exchange. What had Sam *done*? The anger was back and this time, it was directed towards Sam at full force. “Sam you were just supposed to keep watch over him and make sure he didn’t escape.” Sapnap made eye contact with Sam as he spoke. “What. Did. You. Do.” A bit of flame began to swirl in the air.

This time, George didn’t stop him from pulling out his sword and pointing it at Sam.

Sam paled at the sight but didn’t back down. “He manipulated Tommy! He literally threatened to kill Tubbo, he deserved everything I did to him.”

Sapnap glared and tightened his grip on his sword. “That’s not an answer. You either tell me or I will take a canon life. Right here, right now.”

The threat hung heavy in the air and after a couple of beats, Sam finally put his hands up in defeat. “Fine. It wasn’t even that bad. I just took away his food privileges whenever he was annoying. Or sometimes when I was bored I would mess with him a little.”

The room was silent for only a second before Sapnap exploded, fire bursting in every direction as he shouted. “Food *privileges*? That’s a basic fucking human right.” George stepped away from Sapnap as he marched up to Sam, sword pointed straight to his throat. “And what the fuck does ‘mess with him’ mean?” The tip of his sword was lightly pressing into the creeper hybrid’s skin and Sapnap was almost tempted to just take a canon life right then.

“Sapnap, can you calm down a bit? Look, we all want to know what happened but we can’t figure anything out like this.” Punz asked slowly, voice irritably calm. Sapnap grumbled but relented and took a step back, letting the fire calm just a bit.

Everyone turned to Sam to finish speaking but he remained stubbornly quiet. Right as Sapnap began considering threatening him again, DreamXD sighed and began talking.

“If the Warden refuses to explain what he did, I can.” Sam’s posture went rigid as he stared at the god in shock. He looked scared. Good. “I know everything that goes on in this server and you were an idiot to think your actions would go unnoticed. The only reason I didn’t have you exposed and dealt with a long time ago is because Dream called in several favors just to protect you.” Sam looked properly afraid now like he might try and run at any moment but DreamXD kept talking. “Sam starved Dream. Repeatedly. Sometimes, he simply forgot to even feed him. It got to a point where he stopped eating on his own, claiming it was his punishment. Sam also had a habit of ignoring Dream for days, sometimes longer, just to see him break because he couldn’t speak to anyone. Solitary confinement is a literal form of torture for anyone that isn’t aware. And after he realized everyone had Dream muted, he took it upon himself to just kill him whenever he was misbehaving. It wasn’t just prison, it was literal torture.”

There was a minute of complete silence, all eyes on Sapnap as they waited for a reaction. Guilt was clawing at him, making him just want to curl up and die on the spot. He’d helped put Dream there. Dream was dead and he had been suffering for years and Sapnap did nothing. But even stronger than the overbearing guilt was boiling hot rage. He was going to kill Sam.

Before anyone could stop him, Sapnap was lunging at Sam. His vision was red, his body almost entirely aflame, and all he wanted to do was drive his sword straight through that asshole’s heart.

Sam stumbled back, pulling out his own sword and shield and just barely managing to block the first hit. All cries of protest and disbelief from the gathered members of the server, *Dream’s server*, fell on deaf ears as Sapnap continued to slash at the man who had dared to hurt the one he had claimed as his brother.

Finally, he managed to break the shield and after a bit more fighting, knock the sword out of his hands. He raised the sword once more to deliver the final blow. But before he could, Sapnap was being pulled back by someone from the crowd. Fuck, they must have made fire resistance. He tried to struggle against it but more and more people kept joining them until nearly half the room was focused on stopping Sapnap.

“SOMEONE KNOCK HIM OUT!” Sapnap heard someone yell and after a couple of moments, a glass bottle was being pushed into his mouth and his vision began to cloud. Sapnap fought against it but before he knew it, his eyes were slipping shut and he was falling into a deep sleep.

Chapter End Notes

I NOW HAVE A BETA!!!!!!

she is so pog and has the best mf ideas so please go check her out on youtube
(<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC2E7oDnMLCzvA6D9LU111wg/videos>) and
twitter (Lunar_ArtistYT)!!

if u comment or kudos i love u w my entire soul thank u sm for reading
<333

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

TW: STARVATION, REFERENCES TO TORTURE AND SELF-HARM

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sam breathed a sigh of relief once Sapnap was finally knocked out. He'd seen the man angry plenty of times (the blaze hybrid had always had a rather short temper) but never like... *that*. Sapnap was more fire than man and every single attack was filled with the obvious intent to kill. It was fucking terrifying.

He tried to get up but stopped immediately as a fresh wave of pain shot through him. Just because Sapnap hadn't gotten to kill him did not mean he got away unscathed. Almost every part of his body was bruised, cut, or broken in some way. God, that man could pack a punch when he wanted to.

He was about to ask if anyone had a healing potion before a shout from the other side of the room stopped him.

"What the hell?" All of the blood drained out of his face as he looked up to see George making his way towards him. "Why would you stop him! Did you not hear a single word that DreamXD said?" Thankfully, instead of heading for him, George stopped by Sapnap. He dropped to his knees, pulling Sapnap out of the arms of the ones who were restraining him and into his lap.

"Well we couldn't just let him kill Sam," Quackity shot back. "Sam's the Warden! Of course, he's going to need to punish the prisoner sometimes." Sam smiled at Quackity. Quackity understood what had been trying to achieve! Hell, he was half the reason Sam was even able to do what he did.

"Thank you." Sam winced at the pain in his side as he spoke but kept going. "Look, Dream believed he still had power. And if he believed it, he would try to make it come true. And even more than that, we needed to know what was in the book. So, I did what I had to do. I broke him." It hadn't been easy to do so, Dream wasn't never one to go down without a fight. But even the toughest would crack if you put enough pressure.

(*"SAM! You forgot to drop my potatoes for the day."* Sam grinned as he heard the prisoner call out to him. *He'd been waiting for him to notice the missing food.*

Still smiling, he responded. "I didn't forget. You're just not getting them." After a week of Dream still refusing to disclose information on the book, he and Quackity had decided to change their gameplan a bit and they started with something simple: denying food.

"What? What do you mean? Sam, you can't just- not feed me." Dream sputtered. God, Sam would kill to have a way to see his face right now.

"Food is a privilege. Respect and listen to me and you'll get it. Maybe if you apologize and ask nicely, I'll drop a few. And I've told you this before, you are to address me as Warden. I'm not your friend." The prisoner tried to argue with him but Sam didn't dignify him a response and just let him shout. Eventually, he fell silent but still offered no apology.

Fine. Sam could keep this going as long as he needed to.

It took nearly a week for Dream to break. He spent most of that time trying to argue or convince him into dropping food down but every time he as much as raised his voice, Sam would go quiet and stop responding. After realizing it was getting him nowhere, Dream stopped and instead opted to just stay silent for an entire day. The only time Sam actually heard him make a noise was during his session with Quackity but he always screamed so that wasn't much of a surprise. Finally, they were getting somewhere.

The next day that Sam walked into the cell room, Dream had finally given up.

"Sam...Sam please give me food. I'm sorry for the arguing just drop me something before I end up dying of hunger." Sam could barely keep the grin from his face. He had addressed him with the wrong name but they could work on that later.

"Finally, that wasn't so hard, was it?" And then, he pushed the button to dispense the food into his cell, clicking it twice for good measure. It was important to reinforce positive behavior after all.

Even though the wall of lava, Sam could hear the blonde rush over to grab them. It was almost humorous to see what was once the ruler of the server get so excited over raw potatoes. It gave him a rush of power that was almost intoxicating. How far could he take this?)

George stared at him in horror. "Break him? Sam, you sound worse than Dream what the hell."

Sam was taken aback at the accusation. “How can you even say that? Dream was a power-hungry monster that needed his ego checked. He hurt *children*. He deserves everything that we did to him. Besides, don’t act all high and mighty. You agreed to let me put them in there. You know I have ultimate authority over the prison. If I say he needed that, he needed it.”

George looked a bit shaken at the words like he’d just realized something he wished he hadn’t but immediately composed himself. “Exactly! *Was*. He’s dead now. He died protecting us. And even before that, he was stuck in a literal cell, what kind of power is he going to get in there? You just sound like a sadistic lunatic.”

Sam choose to ignore what he was saying and prod at the wound he seemed to have opened up. “Oh? Did you forget about that part? That you agreed to let me take him? Not even. You thanked me! You thanked me for keeping the server safe and locking him up in there. And now all of a sudden you’re acting like Dream never did anything wrong.”

George didn’t respond but by his guilty expression, Sam’s words had worked exactly as they were intended to. But right before it looked like he might start crying again, his face morphed into one of confusion. “What do you mean *we*?” A heavy feeling grew in Sam’s stomach as he realized his mistake. “You said ‘everything that we did to him.’ You and who, Sam?”

You see, he and Quackity hadn’t exactly shared the knowledge of his visits to anyone else on the SMP. If it got out that he was letting someone in there with weapons, it would be disastrous. The last thing he wanted was outside interference with the prison. But now, there really didn’t seem a way out of admitting it.

“...Quackity.” He spat out, “Quackity was the one that helped me.”

George stared at Quackity in surprise before speaking again in a soft, shaky voice. “Quackity what did you do?”

When he received no answer, DreamXD jumped back into the conversation. “Either you explain everything or I will. You’re lucky your not dead for what you did.”

“Fine! Fine fine fine, I’ll explain,” Quackity began. “Dream had knowledge about the revival book that I needed. He refused to budge so, I turned to something I knew that even he would eventually fall too. Violence.” There was a maniacal grin on Quackity’s face now that even Sam felt off-put by. “Everday for over a year, I went over there and I tortured him until he fucking screamed and

begged me to stop. You can hate me for it if you want to George but just know that I will never regret a second of it. I don't even care that I never got the information before the egg took me and I had to stop. All I care about is that that Dream suffered." The silence that followed was suffocating and even Sam was at a loss for words. He'd been there for every day of the torture- hell, he'd even helped Quackity- but seeing him talk like that gave Sam an uncomfortable feeling in his stomach that he shoved down immediately.

All of a sudden, there was a blur of motion and Bad was storming up to Quackity. Then, to the whole room's shock, he pulled an arm back and slammed it right into the other's face. A sickening crunch went throughout the room and there wasn't a doubt in Sam's head that Quackity's nose was broken.

Even Bad himself looked surprised at his actions but it only lasted a moment before his attention was back to Quackity.

"Are you *insane*? You spent your days going to a prison to torture a defenseless man for something you barely even care about. Quackity you- you complete utter-" Bad looked too frustrated to even speak at this point. His fist was clenching and unclenching like he was trying not to punch him again. Bad was visibly trembling with rage, his white eyes glowing and wings stretched out threateningly. "And Sam!" Sam's head snapped up as his name was called. "You let him? Not even, you- you helped him! Sam, you were Dream's friend. He gave you the title of Warden because he thought you would be fair and just to the prisoners. And instead you two tortured Dream. He couldn't even help himself! You *monsters*. I can't even look at you two right now." The demon glared at them both once more before turning to George. "C'mon George. Here, I'll carry Sapnap. We need to get out of here before we end up causing a massacre." After picking up Sapnap and pulling George along, Bad turned around and shot one more glare at Quackity. "And by the way, you are *not* marrying my son."

Sam stared helplessly as he watched the trio leave. Even Quackity had fallen silent now. He couldn't...they couldn't have been that bad. Dream had deserved what happened to him. He was the villain of the server, the one that destroyed everything good they had, he had hurt Tommy and Tubbo! Dream was evil. Everything they'd done was just a consequence of his actions. But despite that, the heavy feeling in Sam's gut only grew.

"Big Q, we were doing what was best for the server...right?" Sam asked hesitantly, just loud enough for Quackity to hear.

Quackity nodded. "Yeah, of course, we were. Bad just doesn't know what he's talking about. They're just grieving right now. But they'll remember how bad Dream was soon enough. I mean," Quackity let out a nervous laugh, "He wouldn't actually stop Sapnap from marrying me, right?"

“...Right.” Sam tried to make it sound convincing but it fell flat even to him.

Thankfully, another voice saved him from needing to reassure Quackity. “What the fuck was that?” Sam turned to see Tommy. The boy was looking at him in...fear?

No. No, that couldn’t be right. Why would Tommy be scared of him? Everything Sam did was to protect him. To make up for letting him die, for his failure. But now the blond-haired boy was looking at him the same way that George and Bad had.

How badly had Sam managed to mess things up?

TommyInnit would like to go on record and say: *he did not like Dream*. Dream was evil and he was ugly and sometimes Tommy still woke up screaming at memories of the man.

But that didn’t mean that Tommy had ever wanted the man *dead*. Because even though Dream was terrible and a bitch and Tommy hated him, he couldn’t help but feel ridiculously guilty every time he thought of the man. The feeling wasn’t recent, but he’d always been able to push it down and ignore it up until now. He had first properly recognized it in the middle of a therapy session with Puffy.

(“*So, what is it that you want to talk about today?*” Puffy asked gently. *Tommy had been going to therapy for a couple of months at this point and though he would never admit it, it was helping him drastically.*

“I dunno...I just. I’ve been thinking.” Tommy said slowly and Puffy nodded at him to continue. “About the cell and the prison and all that. Like, not even about the whole dying thing or Dream but about like, the cell itself. It was just so...bad. I mean I spent like a month in there and it was just terrible. I mean, you know he didn’t even feed us for a while? While I was presumed dead or whatever. It took him forever to even realize I was there cause he just never came and checked in. And...that’s fucked, isn’t it? I can’t stop thinking about it for some reason. Sam’s the Warden for fuck’s sake. I dunno. Thinking about it just makes me feel...not good.”

Puffy had a look of concern on her face but then again, she almost always looked concerned at what Tommy said so that was nothing new. “So do you feel...resentful that he wasn’t there?”

Tommy shrugged. “A bit but there’s something more. Like, look, Sam’s a good guy and all. But thinking about all that in addition to the whole literally letting Dream kill me thing- I just don’t think he’s a good Warden. And I mean, that cell was terrible. Zero out of five stars- would not go again. I only spent a couple of weeks there and I felt terrible by the end of it. Just feels kinda wrong to leave someone there.”

“You don’t need to feel guilty, Tommy. He hurt you and he deserves to be in there.”

A small part of Tommy is tempted to try and make her understand where he’s coming from. Because she wasn’t there. She didn’t have to feel the overwhelming heat or have to try and bite through a hard raw potato every time she was hungry or even watch the genuine excitement in Dream’s eyes every time the clock hit ‘Happy Hour’. But again, that part was small. So, Tommy shoved it down and moved right on to the next subject. He rarely thought about it after that.)

He recalled the conversation now and bitterly wondered if anything would have changed if he actually told Puffy how bad it was. Maybe she would have made sure that Sam was treating Dream correctly. Maybe it would have prevented Sam and Quackity from torturing him. Maybe Dream wouldn’t be dead. Or maybe things would have turned out the exact same way.

Sam looked at him in disbelief. “Tommy, you can’t seriously be on Dream’s side.”

“I’m not on Dream’s side. It’s not if I liked Dream or not. *Hell no* . It was if you two literally torturing him was okay or not. And no! Look, I don’t. I’m not-” Tommy sighed as he searched for the right words. “I don’t know what I’m feeling right now but I know that what you did was fucked. It was so fucked.”

“Honestly, I have to agree with Tommy on this one,” Fundy spoke up. “None of us like Dream, he was evil, but that is not okay.” Almost everyone in the room was nodding in agreement now and Tommy felt a bit relieved that he wasn’t the only one that felt the situation was wrong. Other than George, Sapnap, and Bad, of course, but they had known Dream for much longer than anyone else so no one was surprised at that.

“I do have a couple more questions about that actually,” DreamXD said and dread immediately began creeping up on Tommy. Every time the god spoke, it just got worse and worse. “Why are all of you so insistent that Dream is evil? Because I’ve watched every single thing that happened on this server. First, let me explain Dream a bit. Dream came from me, he was a part of me. And what that means is that Dream would do *anything* if he believed it might protect the server. He is a protector. It’s in his very code. So, when he invites a couple of people over to his land. When he trusts them enough to bring them here and they start to break two out of the three simple rules we have. When they start selling drugs and they try to divide the land and make an entirely new nation. When they create chaos and conflict in lands that used to be peaceful and then label him a

villain for stopping it. What did you expect him to do?" DreamXD makes direct eye contact with Tommy, obviously waiting for an answer.

Tommy shrinks under the pressure and stutters out an answer. "I-I mean if he just let us make L'manburg then we wouldn't have any of these issues. He could've just let us be happy!"

"So you wanted him to give up part of *his* lands for a country that started in a drug van? Look at me in the eyes and tell me that wouldn't immediately set off his protective instincts."

Tommy ignored DreamXD and changed tactics. "What about exile then? Forcing my best friend to exile me and keep anyone from visiting me? The way he fuckin manipulated me!"

"I'm not going to defend the manipulation." Tommy smile at the small victory. "I'm not denying that he did terrible things. He put you through something that you should never have had to experience, especially being a child, and you have the right to be as angry you want for that. I'm just setting the record straight. Tubbo chose to exile you. And for good reason. You burned down the house of George and anyone with a pair of eyes could see why that would make Dream mad. Dream loved George more than anything else. And then you decided it was a good idea to taunt him with *the remains of his dead horse*. Does that sound familiar at all, Tommy? Someone taking a prized possession and using it against you? Look, I'm sorry for what he did to you and I know he apologized to you so he is as well. You don't have to forgive him, I'm not expecting you to. I just want you all to realize he isn't this huge evil villain that you all like to think he is. Dream did not deserve to be in that prison. Yes, he deserved punishment for what he did but Dream received no trial, no chance at redemption, and was placed under inhumane conditions for years."

Puffy spoke next, to Tommy's surprise. "We didn't know! If we knew what Quackity and Sam were doing- we would have stopped them. Of course, we would have. But he was a danger to the SMP, we couldn't just let him free!"

DreamXD sighed. "Then why didn't you try to help him? In fact, I can recall you saying he didn't 'deserve' your help. You all called him a villain and hurt his lands to the point that Dream snapped and then just abandoned him in a prison without another thought. And none of you get the privilege of playing ignorant. Tommy, you knew the conditions of the prison. And I know for a fact that every person in this room saw the death messages. You were all aware that he was actively hurting himself daily and you all did nothing. And *everyone* in this room has committed crimes and done unforgivable things. Everyone here is a danger to the SMP. Or, what, does it only count when it's Dream?"

This time, the room was silent. Was it fair? Tommy really didn't want to think about it. Not now when it was too late. Not when Dream already dead and he couldn't do anything about it.

But he couldn't help it. DreamXD had planted a seed of guilt-

No. It had already existed, XD had only watered it

Before he could stop it, a tear fell down his cheek. Tommy was never one to cry but the weight of his mistakes was too heavy for him to stop the onslaught of tears that came. Was this the weight of the world the greek figure, Atlas, carried around? Why did his heart feel so heavy?

All he knew was one thing: they'd fucked up. They'd fucked up so badly.

Chapter End Notes

FIRST OF ALL THANK U TO MY BETA AGAIN U ARE A GENIUS

her youtube

(<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC2E7oDnMLCzvA6D9LU111wg/videos>) and
her twitter is Lunar_ArtistYT

also the support for this fic has genuinely been so insane and its motivated me so much hhhh i seriously love all of u sm

everytime someone comments i get so increadibly happy just <3333 i love u all so much

and i hope yall like this chapter! this is the most and fastest ive written so far so WOOP. but i got a TON of comments last chapter and comments are the absolute best motivation so i speedran it

thank u sm for reading i love u all

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Puffy had always prided herself on how well she fixed problems. Even when she was just a child, she was known around her village for always having the perfect advice you needed to hear on the tip of her tongue and a perfect shoulder to cry on. She could fix any problem and always carried a couple of extra bandages in her pockets. But as she grew up, things changed.

She wasn't helping people choose if they should pick one friend over the other but their family or their country. Injuries couldn't be fixed with bandages anymore. Betrayals became lethal. Fights were violent. Nightmares couldn't be chased away with a simple look under the bed anymore. Children weren't play-fighting with wooden swords but in full netherite and with their lives on the line. She couldn't fix *anything* and worst of all, it was Dream behind it all.

Dream, her son, her *duckling* was hurting people, hurting children for god's sake. So, Puffy turned to the only other solution she could think of- she yelled. She screamed at him until her lungs were hoarse and her son was crying. When she was done, she would leave the house, ignoring Niki's calls to come back, and go to the forest she found him in.

(The blur moved so quickly Puffy almost thought she imagined it for a moment. She stopped walking and turned back to squint into the forest.

"Hello?" She called out hesitantly. "Is anyone there?" She waited but no one answered. So, she let it be and kept walking. Puffy was in the middle of a forest, after all. She wouldn't be surprised if it was just some wild animal.

But only half an hour later, she spotted it again. And the next day. And every day for the week after that. Each time, they moved too fast for her to properly see who they were and refused to answer any of her calls. The only solid fact she had at this point was that it was a human and judging by their size, probably a child.

No matter where she went, they were only a couple of feet away.

"You're like a baby duck to its mother," Puffy remarked aloud when she knew the child was near. "Oh! That's what I can call you for now! My duckling." Her duckling didn't answer but she took the small wooden duck she found near her usual forest path the next day an answer enough.

It was obviously homemade, the quality surprisingly good for someone their age, and had a small smile carved into the bottom- almost like a signature. She tucked it into one of her pockets and smiled for the entirety of her walk that day.

Eventually, when Puffy was making her way through a particularly dangerous part of the forest, she finally got the chance to meet him.

Honestly, she had been hoping that her duckling would stay back this time and had even warned them several times but when she heard a loud cry of pain as she made her way back from it, she knew her warnings went unanswered.

Behind her, fallen to the floor, was her duckling. He had blond hair, a bright green sweater, and only appeared to be about eight years old or so.

Immediately, she rushed over to him. “Duckling! I thought I warned you not to follow me. Are you okay? Here, where does it hurt?”

“Leg...” The boy mumbled and Puffy set to work bandaging the cut immediately.

“Can I ask why you’ve been following me now, duckling?” Puffy asks him when she’s done as she scoops him up to carry him back home. The boy melts into the touch immediately and latches onto her like a lifeline.

“I liked your hat! Also, m’ names Dream. I like being a duck though.” Puffy can’t help but grin at him. Dream was adorable.

They continue talking as they walk. Dream tells her about his friend (Sappy, Sap, or Napnap- honestly she can’t tell which one, if any, are his actual name) and his older brother who he just refers to as ‘Dee’. Eventually, they reach a small clearing in the middle of the forest and Dream asks her to stop.

“Here! I’m home.” Puffy looks around for any sign of a house, confused but receives none. “Dee! XD! I’m here!” There’s a bright flash and suddenly a man donning green and blue robes and feathery white wings is in front of her. Puffy’s mouth goes dry as she realizes who it is.

DreamXD. The god of the server.

“Thank you for keeping him safe.” He nods at her before taking her duckling in his arms and disappearing once again, leaving Puffy standing there in shock.

Dream is back again the next day, still following her around but now willing to actually talk. Eventually, she discovered that Dream followed her every day because DreamXD was always off doing his duties and offered for him to move in. He accepted immediately.

DreamXD still visited constantly (and only even allowed the arrangement after she swore to protect him no matter what) but soon enough, the pair had become an odd sort of family. He even began calling her ‘papa’. Honestly, it was the happiest Puffy had ever been.)

Puffy wished she could go back to that. She wishes Dream was still small and the biggest fight they got into was when she caught George sneaking in at midnight. She wishes he had never become whatever he is today. She wishes she had tried to talk to him when he started changing instead of just yelling. She wishes she had visited him in prison instead of putting all of her efforts into helping Tommy. She wished she had listened to every instinct in her that screamed that something was wrong from the very first death message. She wishes she had given him a chance at redemption. She wishes her duckling wasn't dead.

But wishes are just that: wishes.

“You failed him,” DreamXD says, looking at her in the eyes. His gaze burned and Puffy wanted to look away but she couldn’t find it in herself to do so. “You promised me you would take care of him and protect him but you didn’t even think he was worthy of getting help. I guess as much as he considered you a mother, you never considered him your son.” A pain, unlike anything she’d ever felt shoots through her at his words. “You only decided to care about him when he’s gone.” DreamXD shakes his head. “I’m going to go see how George and the rest are doing now. You all have wasted enough of my time trying to argue with me. Goodbye.” And just like that, he’s gone.

The room is silent other than the muffled sounds of people crying. It takes her a couple of moments to realize she is one of them.

Finally, someone speaks. “What do we do now?”

Puffy’s answer is immediate. “We need to punish Sam and Quackity. And we need to tear down

the prison. I never want to see it again. Ever.” Even if they don’t agree, Puffy would do it herself. She would tear down every block of that place and burn the remains. She would do it with her bare hands if needed, indestructible or not, it wouldn’t matter.

“What if we reform it instead?” Conner asks. Puffy glares at him and his eyes widen as he sees her. “I- I mean look. I never really talked to Dream that much so maybe it’s different for me but consider this. We just change the prison so it’s not a repeat of what happened with Dream. And then, hold a trial for those two. Look, it’s fair. I know you all want to just kill them but if you don’t establish a proper system- this kind of stuff is going to keep happening.” Puffy pauses. That’s not the *worst* idea, to be honest. Actually, it might even be more satisfying to see the assholes locked up in the same prison they hurt her baby in rather than tearing it apart. Failure of a mother or not, she would at least do this for her duckling.

“What the hell? You can’t put us in there!” Quackity shouted.

Puffy snapped her head in his direction and held her sword up, an obvious threat. She wasn’t the only one either. Almost every sword in the room was drawn now. “You,” Puffy hissed, “Are going to shut the hell up before you find yourself dead.”

The threat had no effect on him and he opened his mouth to speak again when Sam spoke up.
“Quackity just stop...We messed up. There’s no getting out of this one.”

A half-laugh half-sob came out of Puffy before she could stop it. “Seriously? You regret it *now*? Now when he’s dead. Not when you were literally torturing him daily? Now, when it’s too late. I...” she trailed off, “I’m such a hypocrite. We’re all such hypocrites.” And Puffy was crying again, tears falling heavy and fast down her face.

This time though, she feels the familiar arms of her wife surround her and falls into the embrace immediately. *Niki*.

“Oh, c’mere Puffy. It’s okay. It’ll be okay.” The pink-haired woman’s voice is soft but Puffy can tell she’s crying as well by the way it shakes. Niki hadn’t been around Dream nearly as long as Puffy but she held a special spot for him all the same.

Puffy allowed the rest of the world to fall away and let her sword clatter to the ground as the arms tightened around her and lead them both to the floor.

'I don't deserve this,' Puffy thought faintly as Niki rubbed small circles into her back and murmured to her gently. *'Dream never got this kind of comfort when he was hurting. I just yelled at him.'*

Puffy had pushed everyone away, including Niki and *especially* Dream, for the sake of Tommy. Niki didn't deserve that. She had been hurt, so many times, yet Puffy ignored that and pushed Niki away. And Dream. *Dream*. Her darling, her son, her baby duckling who she had failed so miserably. She ignored the signs, ignored his silent cries for help, and went along with what everyone else had said. She failed them both, the people she loved most, for Tommy. Tommy who had suffered. Tommy who already had the help of many but every time she saw him, all she could feel was guilt that her child had hurt him. So, she helped him. And she stayed by him and she put every ounce of her energy into it. Neither Niki nor Dream ever had that kind of help for their trauma. Something she could have provided but didn't.

She pulled herself away from Niki, ignoring the concerned look on her face, and tuned back into the conversation

"Seriously Sam, how could you?" Ponk was yelling. "We've known Dream for years and what? All of that's gone. I can't believe you." Puffy relished the hurt look on Sam's face at the other's words. He deserved every bit of pain he felt.

Quackity, on the other hand, barely seemed fazed.

Even when Fundy spoke, there was not a single sign of remorse. "Quackity. Look, man, we went through so much crap together. Shlatt's cabinet, L'manburg, even the Butcher Army and...I can't even stand to *look* at you right now."

Quackity just laughed in response. "I lost all respect for you when you betrayed us on doomsday. Your words don't mean *jack shit* to me, alright?" Puffy grabbed her sword back from the floor, hands shaking. If she had to *make* him regret it, she would.

"What about mine?" Quackity's face fell immediately at the sound of Karl's voice and Puffy almost laughed. "I don't even know what to say to you. I really thought I managed to stop you this time. But I never can." Puffy had no idea what Karl was talking about but the brunette looked distraught. He wasn't even looking at Quackity, just staring at the golden ring encircling his finger. After a moment of silence, he took it off. "...The engagement's off." Karl opened his hand and let the band of gleaming gold fall to the ground.

Puffy probably shouldn't have found such enjoyment in watching a breakup but she couldn't help

it. Quackity had hurt her duckling.

"Karl? Karl, come back. KARL I'M SORRY. KARL." Quackity was desperately shouting and trying to reach him now but Puffy moved and held a sword to his neck before he could even properly stand up. Karl didn't answer him and continued to walk away as the man in front of them broke down. "Look, it wasn't that bad. It wasn't that bad, right Sam? Sam, you gotta help me here. I was just- Karl. Karl c'mon." But Karl was gone.

Puffy didn't have a doubt in her mind that Sapnap would do something *much* worse when he discovered the truth. He was always quite the overprotective type, especially when he and Dream were younger. Dream was the same, to be honest. She couldn't even count the number of times she'd found one of them beat up with the only excuse of 'defending their brother's honor'. Despite her chiding them to stop, her heart melted every time. It was sweet.

And it would never happen again, she realized bitterly. It would never happen again because Dream was gone and he had died protecting them one last time.

But before she could spiral anymore, her attention was turned to the loud sound of wood splintering and hinges groaning as a new figure kicked down the door.

Techno ran into the room, sword in hand and ready to fight, but froze once he saw the scene in front of him. Slowly, Tubbo, Ranboo, and Philza followed him, weapons drawn and confusion evident on their faces as well.

"What the hell happened here?"

Chapter End Notes

READERS MY BELOVED!

I made myself very sad with this chapter. Initially, it was supposed to have fluff but I severely underestimated how much I was going to write for puffy so i had to cut it out rip.

I also procrastinated my essay SO bad. the second im done typing this i need to work on it.

and as always thank u smmm to my beta (Lunar_ArtistYT on twitter and Lunar Artist on youtube) she helps me so much its insane pls go check her out

ALSO THANK U SM FOR ALL THE SUPPORT. my end note is getting way too long but yall genuinely have no idea how happy ur comments and kudos make me i love u all so much and its my absolute favorite thing to read them- i get so ridiculously

happy
:3

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

TW: PANIC ATTACKS, FIGHTING, DEATH

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Techno heard yelling coming from the egg room, his mind was instantly filled with about a hundred different ways things could have gone wrong.

Look, basically, all of the information he had was that a couple of hours ago, he got a ping that DreamXD joined the server followed by a spam of whispers that the egg was gone. From their hiding place in the arctic, they had managed to escape the brunt of the main infestation but even then, the red vines were getting dangerously close. And when he went outside to check on them after the messages, they were gone. Still, it sounded much too close to a trap for his liking. So, forgive him if he was a little on edge. And it's not like the voices were any help.

THE EGG IS GONE POGGGG

BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD

OMELETTE TIME

HA LOOK AT QUACKITYYYYYL

L

They continued to shout as the whole room turned to stare at him over his abrupt entrance. Okay maybe kicking the door down was a *bit* much but he had always been a sucker for dramatics.

“Well?” Techno huffed. “Is anyone going to explain anything? I mean I’m not against killing Quackity but it’s kind of pathetic just to look at him like that.”

No one answers.

Tubbo, unsurprisingly, just moves right along like they weren't staring at a sobbing man being threatened with serval weapons.

"TOMMY!" He shouts, pushing past Techno and running straight to his best friend, arms wide. They collide in the middle and if it were with anyone else, even Techno would have had to admit that the scene was sweet. But it was with Tommy. Tommy of all people.

Techno's stomach twists just at the sight of the blonde-haired boy. He didn't know what he expected from Tubbo, to be honest. It's not like they were...friends or anything. The only reason Techno even agreed to keep him safe from the egg in the first place was as a favor to Ranboo *and perhaps he still felt guilty for shooting him with fireworks at the festival*. There was no reason for Tubbo to not want to be friends with Tommy.

And even then, Tommy's betrayal was years ago. Techno *should* be over it.

But he would have to be blind to not see the way that it had affected him. The way that the walls he and Phil had been so carefully working on tearing down had slammed back up instantly and with ten times the force. Even now, Philza and Dream remained the only ones he wasn't convinced would betray him at the drop of a hat.

"I'm sorry about him," Ranboo spoke up from beside Techno. "I know it was hard to even let him and Michael live with us. Trust is difficult and seeing him run back to Tommy on sight probably doesn't help. To be honest, though, I don't think Tubbo even knows what he's doing. He sees you both as friends and doesn't really think much else of it."

Techno stared at Ranboo in surprise. Honestly, he would have expected him to defend Tubbo more. And even more surprisingly, the words lifted a bit of the weight off.

Techno smiled at the hybrid, a wordless thank you, before turning his attention back to whatever the hell was going on in the room in front of them.

"So? Anyone going to explain?" Techno asks, speaking through gritted teeth as he feels his patience slowly begin to run out. And again, the room remains silent.

Sensing the older's frustration, Tubbo asks next. "Tommy? What happened?"

Tommy freezes and a look of guilt flashes in his face before he says his next words. "Dream is dead."

Techno goes very still. "Tommy. That's not a funny joke." But even as he says it, Techno knows better.

He knows what Tommy looks like when he's lying, the way his feet shuffle because he can't stand still and he starts fiddling with the hem of his shirt. The way his voice is higher pitched and he starts making as many jokes as he can to cover his lie. But Tommy is doing none of those things. Tommy is just standing there looking upset (~~He doesn't even have a goddamn right to be upset. He was the one that ruined it all.~~) and Techno knows he is not lying.

Instantly, the voices exploded.

BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD

KILL THEM

BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD

SPILL THEIR BLOOD AND MAKE THEM PAY

Techno takes a deep breath, trying to push the voices down. From behind him, Phil places a hand on his shoulder. Calm. He needs to be calm.

For now.

"You all have about two minutes to explain yourselves before every single person in this room loses a canon life."

They finally start explaining after that. No one doubts his threat for even a moment. Techno doesn't speak as they tell him what happened. How Dream sacrificed himself for them ~~because of course, that idiot did godammit why couldn't he just think of himself for once~~. Then, they tell him about the prison. They tell him about the torture Dream was put through and Techno feels sick. He could barely hear a single word the others saying over how loud the voices had become. They slowly turn to static ad the voices become louder and louder, rage boiling in his veins.

And this time, Techno listens to them. He can barely even process his own movements before he's suddenly standing above Sam and plunging his sword into him, reveling in the chocked off scream he makes.

Awesamduke was slain by Technoblade with 'Orphan Oblitorator'

It's not a canon death to Technos disappointment. He would feel it if it was one.

The spilled blood satisfies him enough though. This time, when Techno starts walking to Quackity, his motions are his own. Not a single person tries to stop him as he gets closer. Honestly, Techno almost wishes they would just so that he had an excuse to kill them as well.

The ones that left Dream to rot in the prison. Guilt claws at him as he remembered that he didn't do anything either. Dream had called in the favor in his first couple months at the prison. He had gotten his communicator back for 'good behavior' or something and at the end of the hour, he was basically begging Techno to just leave him there because 'they' didn't want him back. Reluctantly, Techno agreed.

He had never regretted anything more.

"Doesn't feel so nice to be powerless, does it Quackity?" Techno chuckled darkly as he finally reached him. Quackity tried to fight back but Techno blocks every hit the other throws at him with ease. "You couldn't beat me in full netherite when I had a pickaxe as a weapon, do you really think you're accomplishin' anything now?"

Without giving him a chance to respond, Techno is slashing at the man in front of him. He, unlike Sam, was on almost full health so Techno took the chance to savor this fight. Well, if you could even call it that. Not a single hit landed on him the entire time. But Techno made sure that every hit that got Quackity was one that *hurt*.

Even then, it was over much too quickly for his liking and with one final hit, Quackity was dead.

Quackity was slain by Technoblade with ‘Orphan Oblitorator’

“Godammit. It wasn’t canon.” Techno said, raising his voice as he realized that the server refused to grant him what he wanted. “I’m going after them again.” He said, looking at Phil and leaving no room for argument.

Unfortunately for him, Tommy decided to speak next. “Uhhh...Look, Techno I mean this in the nicest way possible but why do you even care? I mean you and Big D kinda had a whole rivalry thing going on.” Rage filled him at the words. When would Tommy just learn how to shut the *hell* up.

Still, Techno couldn’t help but answer. “We were rivals. But before that, we were always friends. I’ve known him since before you even knew this server existed, Tommy.”

(“TECHNO!” Techno’s head shot up as he heard someone call his name. He looked around for a moment before spotting the source. It was a boy that looked a couple of years younger than him with a bright green sweater and a weird mask on with a...smiley face?

“YOU’RE TECHNOBLADE RIGHT?” The boy had reached him now and was now standing in front of him, practically bouncing as he spoke. Slowly and still confused, Techno nodded. “Finally! I’ve been looking everywhere for you.”

“Who are you?” Techno asked, bewildered.

“Oh, crap, forgot about that part. I’m Dream! And I wanted to know if you would fight me.” Techno paused. What. Seeing the shock on his face, Dream started rambling. “Okay, that was a really bad explanation. Basically, I want a proper spar partner. I kept beating Sapnap and George so now they’re throwing a hissy fit and not fighting with me. And then XD told me that you joined the server and I mean, I’ve heard so much about your skill so I figured you would fight me. Please fight me. I am so bored. You don’t even have to go easy.”

“Okay, that was. A lot of information.” Techno sat there a moment, processing it all before coming to a decision. The boy seemed interesting enough and he’d been itching for a good fight for a while. He might as well. “But, sure. I accept. I’m just warnin ya now though- no one can beat me.”

Techno could see a grin from the bottom of the other's mask. "We'll see about that." He just rolled his eyes in response. There was no way this kid would even get close.

Two hours later, Techno found himself sprawled on the ground with Dream's sword pointed at him. They were both breathing heavily, bodies sore and bruised after fighting for so long. It started off pretty lighthearted but Techno realized very quickly that this wouldn't be an easy fight. It got intense. Very intense.

Finally, Techno relented. "Fine! Fine. I give up. You win."

He would have expected Dream to celebrate but instead, he just said, "Oh thank god." and collapsed on the floor next to Techno. "Fuckkkk, I am so dead. You did not need to go that hard."

Techno snorted. "Like you were any better! I'm surprised my body's still intact after that."

Dream laughed in response but cut himself off with a small groan. "Bruised ribs. Bad idea. Bad idea."

They spent at least ten minutes sitting there in silence after that. Just taking the time to rest after the hell of a fight they had.

"So. do you wanna do this again next week?"

"Definitely. Your ass is going down next time."

This time, no one stopped Techno as he moved to leave. After he leaves though, he encounters a small problem: he has no clue where either of them lives. Cursing himself for not getting this information earlier but also not wanting to go back to the room, he just starts wandering around the area.

The voices have stopped demanding blood at this point but it still hadn't really improved by much.

we should have gotten him out of the prison

TECHNOSADTECHNOSADTECHNOSADTECHNOSADTECHNOSAD

I miss him

He kept walking, trying his best to ignore them. He couldn't stand to just linger on... *it*. Not now. Not in public. Not when he's alone and far away from any semblance of home. ~~Even though one of his first and closest friends was gone and spent the last years of his life suffering and Techno had done nothing. He should have ignored Dream when he asked him to leave him there. When he called in his favor just to tell him to fucking leave him there. That idiot.~~

He kept walking.

GeorgeNotFound whispers to you: come by bkh mansion

A sigh of relief goes through him. Maybe he's not alone. He was never too close to Sapnap and George but he'd known them nearly as long as he'd known Dream. They would understand.

He made his way there quickly and in only a couple of minutes, he was stumbling into the large white mansion.

Bad was at the door in an instant. He sent him a weak smile and ushered him into the living room. When he walked in, he was instantly hit with the sounds of arguing.

"-good reason! I'll explain it soon but you're not in the headspace to hear it right now." George was speaking calmly but his voice steadily rose.

"*Bullshit*. I've been up for nearly ten minutes now and haven't done anything. I'm *fine*. Now explain to me why Techno—" Sapnap stopped talking as he spotted Techno in the doorway. His eyes narrowed. "Techno. I saw the death message and either you somehow managed to kill my fiance on accident or you had a reason. And you don't make mistakes. So, tell me. What. Did. Quackity. *Do*

?”

“Sapnap, you’re barely handling Dream right now. You need time.” Bad was trying to calm Sapnap down as well now but Sapap just kept staring down Techno. He knew Techno enough to know how easily he caved into peer pressure. He felt a bit guilty taking advantage of the knowledge but he needed to know.

“Techno. Just tell me. I know you want to. I know the voices want you to.”

And just like he expected, Techno caved. “Look, I seriously don’t think I should be the one explainin’ this to you. But Quackity he...he tortured him. He was torturing Dream for a stupid revival book or something.”

Sapnap would have expected himself to feel anger. To scream or explode in flame or try to kill someone again.

But he didn’t. He just stumbled back and let himself fall into the open eyes of his father and he *cried*. He cried because his brother was dead and he was never coming back. He cried because one of his loves had changed somewhere along the line and become the kind of person that would torture a man stuck in prison. How had he been so blind?

It’s not like there weren’t signs. He and Karl had stayed up more times than he could count, waiting for Quackity to come home. Sapnap had even thought that Quackity was cheating on them at certain points but Karl had always adamantly denied it. And he wasn’t. No, instead his fiance was out torturing his brother. He would have taken cheating over that any day.

Sapnap was sobbing so hard he was nearly hyperventilating at this point because there was just *too much*.

Too much grief and too much pain and dream was fucking dead and it was all his fault and he was so goddamn blind and his own fiance was fucking torturing him and there was just too much guilt too much everything and Sapnap couldn’t even breath anymore oh god why couldn’t he-

“C’mom, Sap. Can you breathe for me, hun? Here, one deep breath in...and out...” A soft voice

guided him through the steps gently. Sapnap nodded and tried to copy the pattern. He couldn't at first, his lungs too focused on getting more air for him to exhale. But, eventually, the feeling was fading and his breath slowly evening out. He was still crying but there was air in his lungs now so at least he had that. Bad continued murmuring to him and lead him to the couch where George and Techno were already sitting.

When he felt that he finally could, Sapnap spoke. "How the hell did we get here?"

"I don't know. I just want to go back to how it was before." George answered, moving to rest his head on Sapnap's shoulder.

Sapnap nodded and to his surprise, Techno spoke next. "It was so nice back then, huh? We were just kids and our biggest problem was trying to get Dream and George to realize they were in love with each other."

A weak laugh bubbles out of him. "Dude, they were so oblivious. The number of times we tried to get them together was inane. Honestly, I'm not sure why *you* were so invested in it. You only had to deal with Dream once a week. I was stuck with them every day."

"Even that was enough from me. Do you much whinin' he could do in one fight? It made me more motivated to win just so that he would shut up."

And they spent the rest of the night like that. At some point, Bad and Skeppy (when did Skeppy get there?) even made them snacks as they reminisced on their old days. They laughed, they cried, and well, actually they just mostly cried. It felt good to talk about it though. Talk about Dream in a way that wasn't insulting or filled with hatred. To remember the boy he was before everything had gone so utterly to shit.

Eventually, they slowly fell asleep. Bad and Skeppy retreated back to their bedroom, leaving blankets and pillows for the three even though there were enough bedrooms for them all. None of them wanted to be alone. George nodded off next, to no one's surprise. Techno followed soon after.

And that was when Sapnap knew it was time. He slipped out of the blanket, careful not to wake up the other sleeping figures, and quietly exited the house.

His search didn't take long. Quackity appeared to have been waiting for him. Sapnap hated how

well his fiance knew him.

Sapnap had so much he wanted to say to the man. An entire spiel on how much Sapnap absolutely detested him and how much he had managed to mess things up. But when orange eyes met brown, every word he had prepared left him.

All he could do was ask a simple question. “Why?”

Quackity didn’t seem surprised at his lack of anger and replied softly, “You know why. He was horrible and even locked in that prison, he had power. I needed to take that away from him. I had to make this never safe. And did you just forget what he did to Tommy? To me? To you? To everyone on this godforsaken server? He’s the root of every single problem. It all started with him and I don’t know why you’re all just suddenly blind to it.” Quackity crossed his arms at the end of his rant, an air of self-righteousness surrounding him like he *knew* he was right. As if Sapnap would just suddenly change his mind.

“He was my brother. He was family.”

Quackity shook his head at him fondly, like Sapnap was telling some kind of joke. ‘No, *I’m* your family. Karl is family. George is family. Dream? Dream was just someone you met when you were younger that turned out to be a shit human. It’s okay to admit that.’

And all of the anger suddenly slammed back into him full force and he was pushing Quackity to the ground. He felt the anger blaze around him, bright fire that was even worse than with Sam earlier. Quackity looked surprised and Sapnap was grateful for that. Maybe his fiance didn’t know him that well, after all.

“*No.*” Sapnap practically growled. “Karl is family. George is family. And Dream. Is. Family. You are the one excluded from this equation. So, take this goddamn ring back.” Sapnap wretched the stupid thing off his finger and threw it as far as he could. “And never speak to me again. I hate you. I’m stuck with the knowledge that not only is my best friend *dead* but that my own goddamn fiance was torturing him right under my nose. I hate you. *I hate you.* I hate you so fucking much.” His eyes remained dry as he pulled out his axe and not a single tear fell when he brought it down on the man who was once his lover.

This would be a canon death, Sapnap realized as he got ready to bring it down for the final time. He didn’t know how or why but he just *knew* that if he killed Quackity now, he would be down to his last life. Even then, red-stained hands didn’t shake as he rose the blade once more.

Sapnap didn't hesitate to slam it down.

Quackity was slain by Sapnap

Chapter End Notes

DAMN THAT WAS WILD TO WRITE. im ngl i had this done last night and straight-up fell asleep before i could post it.

also i am such a fOOL. i genuinely thought this entire fic would be 15k-20k at MOST but im 13k in and only halfway done rip

also also! as alwaysss go give a bunch of love to my beta. she actually has a fanart book and a dream angst fic out rn at Lunar_YT on ao3!!

and expect a couple fluff oneshots set in this universe soon since me n my beta feel bad for all the angst. shes writing one rn and ill probably write one soon.

ok one last note: i was having a really bad day last time i posted and yalls comments made me CRY because of how much support there was. i love u all so much

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

TW: BLOOD

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George shot up from his bed and started at the ping he had just gotten. He'd woken up when Sapnap left and it didn't exactly take a genius to figure out where he was going. But he still hadn't expected him to actually *kill* Quackity.

He cursed under his breath and stood up, practically bolting out the door to look for Sapnap. Judging by how quick the message came, he couldn't be far from the mansion. Almost instantly, George spotted him, the bright fire around him exposing his location immediately.

"Sapnap!" George called out, jogging to where he was. "Sapnap, I'm here. Are you alright?" But the raven-haired man offered no response.

George tentatively reached a hand out, careful not to burn himself, and wiped a bit of blood from his cheek. Sapnap melted into the touch and finally, hazy unfocused eyes met his.

"George...George, I did it. I killed him. And it was canon." Sapnaps voice was soft but otherwise unreadable, giving no indication of how he was feeling.

George let the silence sit for a moment before asking, "Do you regret it?"

"No." There was no hesitation in Sapnap's answer but when he spoke again, it was much quieter. "He deserved that but I-I don't know how to feel right now. Can I just- Can you help me get this blood off?"

The fire had blocked most of Sapnap's body from view beforehand but it seemed to be dying a bit now and George could finally get a better look at him. He was absolutely covered in blood. In his *fiance's* blood.

God, this was so fucked up.

Instead of voicing his thoughts, George tried his best at a reassuring smile. “Of course. C’mon, I’ll start a bath for you, Pandas.” As gently as he could, he guided Sapnap back inside and let him sit at an empty chair, mentally apologizing to Bad and Skeppy for the mess. Then, he headed to the bathroom and began to prepare it for Sapnap. George worked as quickly as he could, not wanting to leave the other alone for long. It was a simple, familiar process and he knew Sapnap’s specifications like the back of his hand. When he was done, George was surprised to see that Sapnap hadn’t moved an inch.

“Your bath is ready,” George called out. To his relief, Sapnap heard him immediately this time and nodded. Slowly, he stood up and began walking over in George’s direction. “Here, you go in and when you’re ready, I can come in and wash your hair for you. Is that alright, hun?” Sapnap nodded once again and shut the door behind him.

George pulled out his communicator, deciding to send a message to Bad. He was probably asleep but George already knew he would be concerned when he woke up and saw the death message on his communicator.

you whisper to BadBoyHalo: im with sapnap.

you whisper to BadBoyHalo: it was canon. im taking care of him.

Right as he finished typing, he heard Sapnap call out to him. “You can come in now.” When he walked in, Sapnap was sitting in the bath, covered in bubbles. If it weren’t for the red liquid staining him, he might have considered the sight cute.

Neither of them spoke as George made his way over and began to wash his hair. The water had already slowly begun turning pink so he had to fill a bucket with clean water before he properly started.

This wasn’t the first time they’d been in this position and George highly doubted it would be the last. Sometimes it was switched. ~~Up until two years ago, there had always been a third with them.~~ The process was as familiar as breathing at this point. One of them would be hurt, emotionally or physically, and the others would draw a bath for them and soothe them the best they can.

Sapnap let out a pleased hum as George began to run his fingers through the black hair, lathering the soap and carefully brushing out any knots he could find. Finally, some of the tension from the younger’s shoulders began to bleed out and the last of the fire from his shoulders flickered away.

“Can you close your eyes for me, sweetheart? And tilt your head back?” Sapnap complied and George began to slowly pour the water over his hair, making sure to keep it out of his face.

“I must be a real mess for you to break out the pet names- huh?” George breathed a sigh of relief at Sapnap’s joking tone. Alright, he could work with that.

“Yea, I can’t say I’m surprised though. It’s been a rough day.” ~~Had it really only been a day? This morning, Dream was still alive and stuck in prison. And now, he was dead and George was sitting here washing the blood of his best friend’s fiance off of him.~~

“What do we even do tomorrow? I-I literally just took my fianc- ex fiance’s second canon life. And it still doesn’t feel fair. After this, the whole server will just get mad for a while and then move on because that’s what *always* happens. No one ever experiences any goddamn consequences or owns up to their fucking mistakes.” ‘Other than Dream’ was left unsaid.

“Tomorrow, we can focus on that. If it helps, I already have a bit of a plan. It’s something Conner mentioned.” Sapnap nodded at him to continue and George took a deep breath before speaking. “Prison reform.”

Sapnap’s eyes widened and he was shaking his head immediately. “George no. No. We can’t put anyone else in there. Not after Dream.”

“I know! That’s why it’s going to be reformed. I mean, we’d get rid of Pandora’s box entirely, of course. But there were other cells. I mean I haven’t seen them but I figure they have to be better. We can even build an entirely new one. We can make it better. Have a proper trial for those two and then, we can give those bastards what they deserve.” Sapnap still looked hesitant but gave him a small nod so George considered it a victory. “We’ll talk more about it tomorrow okay? Don’t worry about it. Now, sit up in the tub so I can wash your chest.”

They finished the bath pretty quickly after that. It remained mostly silent other than a couple quiet instructions and almost too soon, George was heading back to the living room while Sapnap finished up and got changed.

He tried to be quiet as he walked in, remembering that Techno was still asleep. He even tiptoed as he made his way over to his previous sleeping area.

“You are *terrible* at being sneaky, for your information. Just terrible.” George jumped at Techno’s familiar monotone voice. The other just snorted and flicked on the lights. “I woke up after you ran out. Saw the ping and figured it out from there. I would’ve come but...not exactly news that I am far from the best person to deal with emotions.”

“It’s alright Techno,” George said, letting out a sigh. “Sapnap’s feeling...better. And I know your dying to ask if it was canon so yes. It was.”

Techno’s eyes lit up at the news. “Figured. Maybe that’s why the server didn’t let me canon kill him earlier. The lives system is kind of scuffed. How does it even work? Is that something DreamXD is in charge of?”

George paused as he tried to think but came up with nothing. “Honestly, I have no idea. We never really talked about that kind of stuff.”

“Bruh. Are you seriously telling me you were...Well, I don’t even know what you two were but whatever that was and never asked him about how the server worked?”

George felt his face begin to flush. “Look, it was complicated. Dream was gone and he was...there. And he helped me whenever I needed it.” *And he had the same wheezing laugh as him and sometimes if George closed his eyes, he could imagine Dream was with him and not stuck in a prison. It was a guilty pleasure but he could never help himself when it came to Dream.* “Anyway, it’s over now. He went on a whole speech earlier today and uh...Turns out he only loved me because Dream did. And Dream is gone now so...” They lapsed into silence. Neither knowing what to say after that. Thankfully, it was broken just a few minutes later by the entrance of Sapnap.

He didn’t comment on Techno being awake, just settled down near them and tugged on their sleeves, pulling them closer. Techno, for once, allowed the contact, and George laid the blanket over all three of them. *Ignoring the part of him that wished more than anything it was blond hair and not pink.* Then, he settled down and let his eyes fall shut, looking forward to the next few hours of nothing after the hell that today had been.

Foolish had honestly no idea what to feel.

He had slipped out of the room soon after DreamXD had left to meet up with him at the place he

already knew the other god would be. Despite the excuse of checking up on George and the others, he was dead certain that DreamXD was hiding in their old house in the forest.

It was a modest place, created for the sole purpose of raising Dream and only him and XD could even access it. Not that Foolish had ever been able to use it after the first initial months.

Look, he had wanted to be there for his younger brother's entire life, of course, he did, but being a god, he didn't really have that opportunity. He had only gotten a couple months with him before he was pulled away to deal with business on the far corners of the server. And Time always was a little difficult for him courtesy of his immortality so when he came back just to find that his baby brother had not only completely grown up but also gotten thrown in a prison? Well, surprised is an understatement.

And now Dream was dead. Dream was gone and Foolish had never been able to see what he grew up into. Was it even possible that the adorable, laughing baby he had held all those years ago had turned out to be the monster that people claimed him to be? No matter how hard he thought about it, it had never made any sense to him. He always knew there had to be a reason. And after today, he knew he was right. There had been reasons. His baby brother had been corrupted to the point that he had become a villain in his own land.

Being a totem of the undying god meant that Foolish was not in any way a violent person. He appreciated life and peace above all. But standing in that room listening to what DreamXD was saying that the people around him had done, he had never felt more inclined to go against those morals.

And just like Foolish had expected, DreamXD was sitting in the living room of their old home working on a code. Something he always did when he was stressed.

“Well? XD? How are you feeling?”

DreamXD paused in his typing. “I don’t know. I forgot what it was like to live like this. Just completely a god, no human part of me. Even then, it was just bits and pieces I got from our connection but it was *something*. I could feel. It’s just...empty now. I already crave it again.”

Foolish debated a moment before asking. “Do you want me to bring him back? You know I can. It would take a lot of energy but it’s not impossible.” He already knew DreamXD’s answer but he couldn’t help it. Maybe it was selfish of him to want to Dream back but that was a title he would be willing to accept. He just wanted to meet him.

“No. I took him back for a reason. They don’t deserve him and it was the only way he would let me help him.” XD’s tone left no room for disagreement.

“You could always make another human counterpart. *If* they can prove they’ve changed. They started talking about prison reform and putting the two on trial right after you left. I didn’t stick around for long but I think it would work.”

DreamXD hummed. “Maybe . However, I don’t think we’re suitable to raise him. We weren’t around nearly last time and you heard what happened. .”

“Make them raise him.” DreamXD turned to stare at him and Foolish could *feel* the glare through the mask. “Ok! I know what it sounds like but I mean someone that could actually do it right. Not Puffy, she failed him. But his friends. I don’t think they could stand to fail him again. Plus, they have Bad, Skeppy, and Phil to help them out.”

And surprisingly enough, DreamXD didn’t automatically veto the idea. “Hm...maybe. We’ll see how things pan out. If not, I’ll just wait for the next round of humans.” And with that, he turned back to his code.

Foolish barely contained a grin. He had expected it to take a lot more convincing than that. It still wasn’t a yes but he could work with a maybe. Things would go better this time. Foolish was sure of it.

When Foolish woke up the next day, he was incredibly pleased to see a message from George already waiting for him. There was a death message from Quackity along with it but he elected to ignore that part for now.

GeorgeNotFound whispers to you: foolish

GeorgeNotFound whispers to you: can you do a project for us? it has to be done quickly but we'll pay whatever price you ask for

you whisper to GeorgeNotFound: sure. meet where?

GeorgeNotFound whispers to you: bkh mansion

When he arrived, he was met with the sight of what seemed to be an absolute mess. There were papers and books strewn all over the floor with Conner standing in the middle of it all, muttering to himself as he walked around.

“Foolish!” George exclaimed at the sight of him. The British man did not seem to be faring well at all. With disheveled clothes, red eyes, and deep bags beneath them, he looked just as much a mess as the toom. Being a god, Foolish couldn’t experience real grief but this seemed a pretty good example of it. “Basically, we have a plan to reform the prison. Since Quackity and Sam both deserve prison but we can’t just have a repeat of what happened with Dream. They’ll have a trial of course but we’re making sure they end up in there for what they did. Conner already has a whole plan put together but basically- we’re asking if you could be the one to build it.”

A grin made its way onto Foolish’s face. “Sure! I can build you an entirely new one actually. Gimmie a week and the floor plans. It’ll be my top priority. Free of charge, of course.” This was good! He could do this. He could help. He could make sure he did *something* for Dream.

George sagged in relief. “Are you sure? There seriously isn’t a price we aren’t willing to pay for this.”

“Nope. Don’t even worry about it.”

A small smile was sent his way before Conner grabbed his attention and began explaining what it would look like.

And only a couple hours later, Foolish left the house with the entire prison planned. It was hardly even a prison. More a rehabilitation center to be honest. There were bigger cells, better quality food, and a courtyard for them to go out in. There was even talk of asking Puffy to become the mandatory therapist that all prisoners had to see. Honestly, it was better than the pair deserved.

But they all agreed it was the only way to keep a repeat from happening. To encourage growth instead of just falling deeper into the cycle of abuse that had been haunting the server for so long.

They would do it right this time. For Dream.

Chapter End Notes

can u tell how hard im bullshitting the lore in this fic. if there's any inconsistencies
PLEASE let me know so i can fix them
akjhdf also yall i told one of my friends that's into dsmp that i was writing a fanfic that included major character death and guilt and they went 'oh haha i bet your projecting to tommy right'
never in my life have i wanted to just lose it as hard as that moment. this is why im on anon rip
i find it so funny that the 'a flawed deal' doc was literally titled 'im not an apologist i swear' while i worked on it and now ive just spent 16k words defending dream.
okie that's kinda a long note sorry but reminder that i love u all so much and thank u <33
OH I FORGOT TO SAY. THANK U TO MY BETA OFC!! ((Lunar_ArtistYT on twitter and Lunar Artist on youtube) i would die w out her. also help me yell at her to sleep instead of staying up to ungodly hours of the night. i stg. she doesn't know what a sleeping schedule is.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sam shifted through his chests, blindly grabbing at anything that seemed important. He had to pack light but he also highly doubted he would be able to return for a long time so he didn't want to leave anything of value behind.

Sam had started packing the second he could move again after respawning. It had taken him a bit, the mixture of a painful death and the shock of what had just occurred rendering him useless for a while before he realized that he had to get away *now*. He hadn't lost a canon life when Technoblade had killed him but Sam highly doubted he would get that lucky a second time.

The only issue was that his base was a *complete goddamn mess*. All of the issues with the Egg in addition to being the Warden had meant he had been much too busy to actually put away everything properly. Or, put anything away properly to be more accurate. Sam had wasted nearly half an hour just looking for his food chest. It was ridiculous.

And the fact that his mind was just as scattered was certainly no help.

There was just this overwhelming sense of guilt deep inside him and he hated it. ~~But shouldn't he feel guilty? He had known it was wrong. Known that Quackity wasn't stable and that Sam was acting with emotion instead of logic like the Warden was supposed to.~~ He was doing his job. The prisoner wasn't giving up valuable information and he had to take action in response. It had nothing to do with emotions. ~~It had everything to do with them. The guilt over Tommy's death was keeping him up at night and he had to do something to make up for his failures.~~ He was keeping the SMP safe. ~~He was keeping himself safe from his own guilt.~~

Sam continued to pack until his bag was full. All of his best items had died with him but he still had enough to survive.

Shooting one last message to Ponk to take care of Fran, he ran.

Sam needed to get as far away as he could as fast as possible. If George, Sapnap, Bad, or Techno came after him, there was no way he was making it out of this alive unless he was far enough that they couldn't find him. And the first three had years of experience tracking Dream down in Manhunts so the odds were completely stacked against him. Sam wasn't even sure how long he had until they began hunting him down. If they hadn't started already.

They might still be too deep in their grief now. ~~He caused that. There were people going through hell right now because of his actions.~~ Or, they might have already started, anger overriding the grief. ~~They have every right to be angry, he had hurt someone they considered family for god's sake.~~ All he knew for certain was he had to run.

Hours later, Sam received a ping on his communicator.

Quackity was slain by Sapnap

Sapnap had...killed Quackity. Sapnap had killed his own fiance over what they had done. Fear ignited inside him. Fuck. He was so screwed.

So, Sam kept running. Only really stopping when his legs ached too much to go on or he was too low on hunger to run. He never stayed resting for long though. His mind wandered too much and Sam was not about to go through a morality crisis in the middle of trying to keep himself from being literally hunted down and killed.

It was wrong. He'll admit that. But he didn't deserve to be hated over it. ~~He knew he did but there wasn't enough time to dwell on that now.~~

Sam didn't know how long it had been, a couple days maybe? He hadn't been paying too much attention to really...anything. His only concern was running. But at the moment, he had found himself in the middle of a jungle biome and Sam figured it was as good a place as any to get some much-needed sleep. He had been using regeneration potions to continue nonstop up until this point. They perked him up enough to keep him from slowing or stopping when the exhaustion became too much of an issue. Still, their effects were helping less and less and he needed to get sleep soon before he collapsed in the middle of nowhere.

He climbed up a tree, ignoring the protesting ache of his limbs and once he reached a decent height, settled into a branch. Sleep came instantly.

The Prisoner was screaming again.

The Warden shook his head in distaste. Had the Prisoner not learned? Did he have to call Him back? He always made the Prisoner listen.

No, the Warden would deal with this one on his own. The Warden made his way inside the obsidian cell. The Prisoner was quiet now. Too late.

He pulled out his sword, a smile creeping on his face. The Prisoner was begging. The Warden ignored it.

Sam shot back awake.

Slowly, he lifted a shaking hand to his face, wiping away the sweat that had gathered on his forehead.

The sky was still dark above him, Sam noticed. He must have only slept a couple of hours before his dream woke him up. *Was it even a dream? Or was it memory? Sam couldn't tell.*

He only gave himself a moment to breathe before climbing back down from the tree. He felt even worse now but sleep was no longer an option, it seemed.

Sam only got a few steps in before he suddenly found himself in the middle of a courtroom.

The past few days had been incredibly busy. George had never been one to work when he was going through a tough time (That was more a Dream thing to do. God knows the number of times he's had to forcibly drag him into bed after he went on a work binge). No, he was always more a 'do nothing but cry and be comforted by my best friend and boyfriend' kinda guy. But his boyfriend got thrown in prison for two years and then died and his best friend was currently the lowest George had even seen him. So, George forced himself to push it down and focused on work.

There was no shortage of that, at least.

There was the issue of finding a judge first and foremost. After a bit of debate, it was decided that Conner would be placed as a judge since he had done the most research into a proper justice system

Then, he had to inform Quackity and Sam of the trial. Quackity was...a mess to put it lightly. He didn't respond once during the entire interaction, just sat there and nodded at George's words. George felt no pity. Sam was gone, run off to somewhere in an attempt to escape his punishment. George almost went after him but DreamXD just shook his head and promised he'd deal with it so George left it at that. The majority of his time though was spent with Foolish. The prison they were building was much smaller than the other but they still included everything they believed was necessary. There were even plans to expand it further one day when time was less of an issue.

Inside the prison were cells, a courtyard, a lunchroom, and even an office for Puffy to work in. If she agreed to their request, of course. That was actually where George was headed right now. He hadn't seen her yet, a mixture of being busy and not really knowing how to interact with her anymore. They used to be close, back when he and Dream were dating. His parents were always whisked away onto some adventure or another and the moment Puffy found out, she had all but demanded he call her 'Papa' because he was 'going to end up being her son-in-law anyway'.

And then everything had gone wrong and George couldn't bring himself to speak to her anymore. This was going to be one of their first conversations in nearly two years. This was more nerve-racking than the time she gave him the 'Talk' when he and Dream started dating and George had left that conversation *shaking*.

He was standing in front of her door much quicker than he would have liked. It took him a moment, but eventually, he knocked.

Puffy looked surprised when she opened the door but let him in without a word.

"We need your help with the prison," George said as they made their way to the living room. "I'm sure you heard about the prison reform. I can explain that if you want to but basically, Conner brought up the idea of making it part rehabilitation center. So there isn't another case like Dreams. And they can get the help they need before it's..." George trailed off for a moment. "Before it's too late."

"I'll do it," Puffy responded immediately. "I'll do anything. If you guys need help with anything I'll do it. My duckling deserved better and I'm not letting those same mistakes be made again. Even if I hate them."

George sighed in relief. "Thank you, Papa." The name slipped out of his mouth before he could stop it.

Puffy just gave him a small, sad smile. “I’ve missed having someone call me that.”

“I miss him too.”

George can’t help but cry after that. Everything he’s been pushing down coming back in the form of uncontrollable sobs. Distantly, he notes that Puffy is crying as well. Neither speaks as they sit there and let themselves mourn. A mother and the one that was supposed to be her son. But that opportunity was gone now.

Eventually, they finish crying and Puffy asks him if he wants to bake a cake together. Something they used to do all the time with Dream before everything had gone so terribly wrong. Niki comes home midway and she doesn’t comment on their red eyes or tear-stained cheeks. She just gives them each a hug and rolls up her sleeves to help. When they eat, there’s an empty spot at the dinner table that they all know will never be filled.

Much too soon for George’s liking, the afternoon had passed by and George realized he needed to get back.

“You’re always welcome back.” Puffy said, giving him a final hug. “And I want both you and Sapnap to consider therapy after this. I can get you both in touch with someone if that’s what you want.” To George’s surprise, he agreed.

“Thank you. Sapnap needs it for sure and I...” George trailed off for a moment. “I think I do as well.” Puffy beams at him and George can’t help but smile back.

Sapnap honestly had no idea when it went from the night he took one of Quackity’s canon life to trial day but according to George, it had been an entire week.

The past week had gone by in somewhat of a daze. Other than a couple bits and pieces, he barely processed anything. Sometimes George and Techno were there. Karl was always there. His dads might have been there? That part was a bit hazy. Bad was there whenever he had a panic attack though and Skeppy refused to be away from Bad for any period of time so they must have been there a majority of the time.

And now it was the trial day. Sapnap didn't even know how they managed to get the prison finished that quickly but frankly, he didn't care. Because today was the trial day. Today, he would see Quackity again.

George had tried to keep him from coming but Sapnap was stubborn and in the end, he relented when Karl promised he would take Sapap out of the room if it got bad at any point.

And now he was making his way to the courthouse, guided by Karl who clutched his hand so tightly it was almost painful. The court was already filled with people when they arrived but not a single one was speaking. George was there as well, in the middle of a conversation with DreamXD.

DreamXD nodded his head at George's words and then, a bright flash went through the room.

Suddenly, Sam was standing in front of them, just as shocked as Sapnap felt.

"Awesamduke. You are called into court today for the charges brought against you in aiding and taking part in the torture of Dreamwastaken. Take your seat. The court will be in session soon." Sam doesn't speak, he just slowly nods his head in acceptance and makes his way over to his seat.

And then, Technoblade walks in with Quackity and the whole world seems to stand still as he watches them walk to their seat.

For a moment, they make eye contact, and Quackity freezes. His ex-fiance might be blind in one eye but Sapnap could have sworn that the other could see *everything* about him.

Suddenly, he found himself hyperaware of the bags under his eyes and the fact that he hadn't showered since his bath a week ago. Fuck. It wasn't fair that *he* of all people had the ability to make him feel like this.

And then Techno was shoving Quackity forward and the moment was gone.

Karl's hand squeezed his and the flames that Sapnap hadn't even noticed were there disappeared.

Only a couple minutes later, the session began.

Sam was up first and by the looks of it, he wasn't doing well. if it weren't for the potion of regeneration he was taking sips of, Sapnap doubted he would have even been able to take part. Sapnap wouldn't be lying if he said he didn't enjoy the sight.

The trouble began when Sam was asked to describe what had happened in the prison. He tried to stay, he really did, but soon enough, Karl was pulling him from his seat and out of the courtroom to calm down.

Neither speaks as they sit there, hand in hand. There really are no words fit for a time like this.

Sapnap was called in a while later to talk as a witness. It was quick. All he did was recount his visit to the prison and describe to them how Dream had looked when they took him out of Pandora's box to defeat the egg. His voice didn't waver once as he spoke but the second that he was out of the courtroom, he was breaking down again.

The image of Dream's frail body and those lifeless gray eyes after he took off the mask stuck in his mind after describing it to the room. How even then, he had done nothing until Dream was about to die.

As always, Bad was there, whispering small words of comfort into his ear until Sapnap's breathing evened out and his eyes were dry. He leaned further into the touch until Bad got the hint and shifted to hug him properly. He was as warm as he had always been. No matter what happened, Bad always remained a constant and his dad's presence was always warm.

"What charges are they going to put them on?" Sapnap asked, trying to find another thing to focus on.

Bad hummed and ran a hand through Sapnap's hair as he responded. "Sam's charges are neglect of duty since he didn't do his job as Warden, abetting since he assisted in what Quackity did, torture, and if they can get it on him- indirect murder. Quackity's are indirect murder and torture. The only iffy one is indirect murder but George said that they both played a role in his death even if they didn't technically kill him and he's confident he'll be able to get him pinned for that"

A life sentence. Sapnap doesn't know how to feel about that. On one hand, he knows they deserve it and they deserve to rot in prison for what they did. But then he thinks about the feeling of

Quackity's rough hands in his and the way that he would giggle when he got flustered. And it doesn't feel like the same person. Those same hands were used to hurt Dream again and again. That same voice was used to taunt Dream and deny him any mercy.

It doesn't make any sense.

It takes another couple of hours but eventually, Sam's trial ended. Found guilty on all charges and now with a life sentence.

Sapnap would have been happy if he didn't know what it meant. It meant that Quackity's trial was next.

Both he and Karl knew that they needed to see this happen. They needed to know what happened and they needed to see Quackity being charged.

"You ready?" Karl asked.

Sapnap nodded, standing up. "We both need this." They walked in right as the session began. Quackity's eyes burned into Sapnap but he refused to look at him.

DreamXD was the first witness called to stand and Sapnap was not prepared for a single word that came out of his mouth. The god stood tall and his glare could practically be seen through the mask. It started pretty tame but after a couple of vague questions, Conner asked: "What forms of torture were performed on the prisoner?" And the god holds nothing back.

"Quackity was allowed to bring in whatever he pleased and even the Warden provided him with weapons when he needed them. His favorites were Sam's sword and axe. If you look back enough on my communicator, you can find walls of messages from being killed by those. It wasn't just being killed though. No, Quackity was much crueler than that. He would beat him, cut him, honestly if you can think of it, Quackity has done it. The starvation and 'food privileges,' as Awesamduke called them, came from Quackity." DreamXD didn't stop there. He talked for what seemed like hours about everything that Quackity had done.

Sapnap wanted to close his ears and leave the room again to have Bad comfort him but he didn't let himself. He needed to know.

More witnesses are called and the session continued on like they all didn't already know how it would end.

Even Sapnap is called at one point to talk about Quackity's nightly disappearances.

The session ends an hour or so after that. Quackity was found guilty on all charges and sentenced to life in prison. Sapnap couldn't help but feel relief at the knowledge that after this, he never has to see that man's face again,

They do make eye contact once more though. And Sapnap realizes that he can't even recognize the man in front of him anymore.

He makes an appointment with the therapist Puffy recommended the next day.

Chapter End Notes

would u believe me if i told u this was initially supposed to be a p fluffy chapter
also im so sorry it took forever to get this one out. it was literal hell to write for some reason? writers block was very very strong
thank u to my beta tho cause i highkey would've just gave up for another week or smth if it weren't for her (Lunar_ArtistYT on twitter and Lunar Artist on youtube)

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Philza knew he had a problem with taking in random children. There was Tommy, Tubbo, Ranboo, and even Techno, and Fundy he'd somewhat taken in. To be fair, he rarely meant to. Wilbur was his only biological child but the others just kind of fell into his life and he couldn't help himself. Still, that didn't mean he expected to randomly have a god show up on his front porch asking for help with a 'child'.

Phil sighed. Considering all the crap that had gone on in this server so far, this wasn't exactly as surprising as it should be. "Fine. Is this about Dream?" The name hurt to say. He mostly knew Dream through Techno. The two would spar weekly and more often than not, Phil was stuck on nurse duties so they didn't just struggle until their next respawn.

DreamXD nodded and Phil stepped aside, silently letting the deity in. "As I'm sure you heard, the trial took place." Phil led him to a seat and then nodded at him to continue. "I am pleased with the results. And the results of the prison. I think they've changed, or are at least trying to. So, we are considering giving you all a second chance with Dream." Even though the mask, DreamXD's gaze was stern and showing no signs of jest.

Phil took a sharp breath in. "You're bringing him back?"

"No." DreamXD shot down immediately. "At least, not in the way you're thinking of. I talked it through with Foolish and we are considering bringing him back to start anew. Completely. It would be an entirely new process of separation. He would start off as a baby again. Which is why we need your help."

"Mate, are you telling me you just came here to ask if I would raise him?" And Phil would. He would in a heartbeat.

To his disappointment, DreamXD shook his head. "We're planning on leaving him with his closest friends. However, they also don't really have any idea on how to raise a child or take care of one. You, Puffy, and Badboylalo are the ones one's on this server that have experience with a child and we don't want to inform the other two yet so I came to you to hear your thoughts."

"They can move here." The idea was out of Phil's mouth immediately. "Look, they're all grieving right now. So, they can move in by me and Techno and I can help them. As much of an introvert as

he is, I know he won't fight against it. And it's far away from the rest of the SMP to keep him safe."

DreamXD cocked his head like he was considering it. "Hmm...I like that idea. How long would it take you to get new rooms built?"

"Give me a day or two. I already have enough materials. When are you going to...make him? What's the right word for that? How does it even work?"

DreamXD shrugged. "It's almost the same thing as spawning in something from creative mode but it takes away parts of myself and replaces them with something new. I plan on introducing him soon. I don't want to do it immediately though. I don't think they're stable enough for that." Then, something in the god shifted. "I will warn you though. If you ever do anything to harm my counterpart, Dream left me no command to continue to protect any of you before he passed. You never harmed him last time, he has rather fond memories of you actually, but my warning stands."

Phil nodded immediately. He wasn't about to be an idiot and piss off a god. "I accept the risk. Techno wouldn't let me get off with it either if I did anything either." DreamXD seemed satisfied with the answer as he allowed Phil to change topics. "How about you let them know now so they can prepare and give them a bit to see if they're ready?"

"I'll go inform them now." DreamXD stood up to leave. "Thank you for your help, Philza. I hope you continue to prove yourself trustworthy." And then, the god flashed away.

Phil started at the empty spot that the blonde had stood for a couple of minutes before shaking himself out of it and heading to a chest to grab materials. He had rooms to build, after all. It seems that he'd taken in yet another child.

George's hand flew up to his mouth as DreamXD shared the news. They could bring Dream back...

They could bring him back!

Sure, it would be as a baby but George didn't care. Not as long as he got to see him again. His Dream was gone but he could do better with the new one. He could make sure that the younger

was safe.

“So, what do you all think of it?” The god asked the stunned room.

Slowly, George remembered how to speak again after the revelation. “Yes. Yes! We’ll raise him of course. I wouldn’t trust anyone else with the job.” Puffy looked a bit hurt at the remark but said nothing.

“Philza Minecraft has offered his base as a sanctuary. The rooms will be ready soon but I won’t give you Dream until you’re at least somewhat stable enough to do so.”

George nodded. A child right now would be a bit too much. Especially with how hard the entire situation had hit them. For now, they needed time.

“What about a month or two? We can delay it more if we need to. But thank you, XD. Thank you so much” DreamXD nodded and with a bright light, disappeared as always.

Beside him, the others were celebrating. There were voices shouting and people laughing and for the first time since Dream’s death, maybe longer, George allowed a genuine smile to come on his face.

They would raise the next Dream correctly. Unconditional love and support no matter what. George let his smile grow wider. He could do this. He would do this right. He was sure of it.

“Puffy’s coming to visit.”

Quackity furrowed his eyebrows. “Isn’t she supposed to be like my therapist or whatever?”

Antfrost shook his head. “She was. But if you forgot, she’s also Dream’s mother. The second Conner found that out, he shut it down. She recommended another person though so you’re not getting out of that. And now she wants to talk with you. She’ll be here within the next half hour.” And then the guard left.

He slumped back into his chair. Things like that just kept happening. Something that could potentially lead to a messed up situation in the prison, and Conner or someone else just swooping in to fix it before it could affect Sam or Quackity.

Even just the room itself! Well, it was still mostly made of obsidian but the floor was carpeted and there were paintings, books, plants, even a *desk*. Quackity just wanted to know what they were playing at. What kind of physiological effect they were trying to have on him?

His best guess was that they were attempting to show power in some way and the second he messed up, they would take it all away again. Like he had done with Dream. It was a game back then: bring in bits of food, affection, or sometimes even a story of George or Sapnap and then stop or take it away whenever he felt like it. Just to prove Quackity's power and control. The rush that came from it was so exhilarating it made his head spin. *That* must be what they were trying to achieve.

Well, Quackity wouldn't fall for it. He wasn't an idiot, he knew the rules of this game. Hell, he'd *made* the rules. He had brought a god to his knees and made him beg for mercy.

A smile made its way to his face. Despite everything, he couldn't bring himself to regret it. Sapnap and Karl leaving him had hurt more than anything Quackity had ever experienced but even then, if he had the choice to do it again, he wouldn't change a thing. Other than getting caught, of course. His smile fell at the thought of his ex fiances. He still had the rings. Quackity had found both of them and the guards had reluctantly allowed him to bring it into his cell where they now hid stashed away in his desk drawer.

Maybe one day they would take him back. Quackity would play their stupid game and he would pretend to fall for their tricks and let them think they have control until he was granted parole. And then he would go back to Sapnap and Karl and win them back. He was a good liar, a year of sneaking away at night tended to do that to you, and he would be able to convince them he regretted it. It would work. It had to work.

The sound of his cell door being opened startled him out of his thoughts. He looked up, it was Antfrost. He looked behind him for Puffy but was surprised to see that she wasn't there.

Antfrost seemed to recognize his surprise immediately and sighed. "Visits aren't held here. There needs to be a separation between the prisoner and the visitor. I already went over all of this with you." He did? To be fair, Quackity wasn't really paying attention too much after the trial.

He just nods and stands up. His hands were bound together immediately and they walked in silence to the visitor room. Puffy was already waiting when he comes in. She sat at a table behind a thick layer of glass that Quackity already knows he wouldn't be able to break even if he tried. He sat in the provided chair and waits for her to speak.

"I'm sure you heard but I can't be your therapist. I was supposed to. I wanted to. But Dream was my *son*. I can't exactly talk to the men that tortured him and not have some sort of bias. Because I hope you know, Quackity, I hate you. I genuinely despise you." And with the way she was looking at him, Quackity could tell she wasn't lying.

"Why?" Quackity couldn't help but ask. "Why do any of you even care? Why do you love him? He was terrible. He doesn't deserve you." Because no matter how hard he tried to wrap his head around it, it was impossible. Dream was evil. No matter what DreamXD, George, or Sapnap said, Dream had done terrible terrible things. DreamXD had even admitted it to Tommy at one point! It was just fact.

Puffy didn't look surprised at the question. "That's your problem. You didn't know him at all. You didn't raise him or even properly meet him beforehand. So, when you saw his mistakes you took him as just that and nothing. Quackity, he's still human. It's like you forget that part... It's because of the power, isn't it? You don't even think of him as a human anymore because the control you had over him got to your head."

Quackity recoiled back. "What the fuck? You can't just come here to psychoanalyze me. We *just* established that's not your job."

"I'm not. I'm here to remind you that he was a human. He had a mother, Quackity. *I* was his mother. He isn't just some random guy that came in and started making problems. I've raised him since he was eight and Sapnap has known him even longer. Did you know that? Did you know that when Sapnap got badly injured while they were out on an adventure, Dream spent a solid week brewing potions so that nothing like that ever happened? Or that when Sapnap's blaze side started really showing, I found him pouring over every book about hybrids he could get his hands on?" He shrunk back in his chair as she finished speaking. It felt...strange to hear those stories about him. To think about the man Dream was before everything had happened. Quackity decided that he didn't like the feeling.

"So now you're gonna sit here and try to make me cry over him? I still don't regret it." Quackity said, straightening himself up again.

Slowly, Puffy shook her head. "No. I think you need to deal with your issues first before you're able to understand what I'm trying to get at. I've heard about him- about Schlatt. I know he was terrible and treated you terribly, probably made you feel out of control. And then Dream, in your

eyes, took even more power out of your hands. So, when you saw the chance, you destroyed him as much as you can because it made you feel in control. It made you feel like you had the power back. You need to work through that before you understand what I mean. You have to learn that you can't play judge jury and executioner."

Quackity didn't answer.

Puffy sighed. "I'll take this as my leave. I hope you change Quackity, I really do. Even if it's just so that you can finally understand why you were wrong." She looked to him for a response but he still offered none. She just shook her head and with one final glance back at him, left the room.

Something had shifted in his conversation with her and Quackity wasn't sure where to go from there. For the first time, he couldn't help but wonder if he was actually in the wrong.

Chapter End Notes

every chapter i have a plan and every chapter that plan gets thrown out the window
and i write something completely different.

child!dream idea came from Jaycee! so creds to them for that!! their comment is a huge part of the reason i made a part 2 so they helped me sm
akjhks and MY BETA!! GO GIVE HER LOVE PLS!!! (Lunar_YT on ao3,
Lunar_ArtistYT on twitter, and Lunar Artist on youtube)
also love u alllll so v much n hope ur havin a good day <3333

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The next month and a half passed by both agonizingly slowly and much too quickly for Techno.

On one hand, he wants nothing more than to see Dream again. To start his second chance and make sure he was raised properly this time. He wanted to make it up to his old friend as much as possible and this was the best way to do so. But, on the other hand, Techno had *no clue* how to take care of children.

He was practically known for killing orphans! His sword was named ‘Orphan Oblitorator’ for god’s sake. And now he was going to be placed partially in charge of a *child*? Sure, he would have help but just the idea itself terrified him.

And the added pressure from DreamXD was certainly no help. The god was near at almost all times, just watching. It was ‘to make sure that he wasn’t making a mistake with trusting Dream with them’ but that did not make it any less unsettling in Techno’s opinion.

Look, there were very very few things that Techno was genuinely scared of but the literal god of the server hoving around him and judging his every move was certainly one of the top items on that list.

A couple days ago though, DeamXD had finally stopped watching them and appeared satisfied with his choice. Then, he called them all to a meeting and asked if they were ready for Dream or if they needed more time.

Everyone agreed they were ready immediately.

And surprisingly enough, they actually were. Sapnap and George had both started therapy which seemed to be helping them both. Phil had built rooms for Sapnap, George, and a nursery for Dream. He’d even went through the entire house and ‘baby-proofed’ it (That part actually took a very long time to do considering that it was Techno’s house and Techno was very *very* fond of his sharp objects). Even Techno was prepared. He had spent hours poring over parenting books and talking to Ranboo and Tubbo about how to take care of children. He even tried babysitting Michael a couple times to get a feel for it and that had gone surprisingly well. Overall, they were all about as ready as they would ever be.

That's not to say they were okay now though. Sapnap would still wake up some days and refuse to get out of bed and Techno had caught George sobbing more times than he could count. And Techno....well, let's just say that the blood gods were happy with him for the time being. But even with that, they all kept trying and gradually, the occurrences began to lessen.

So, they agreed that they were ready for Dream. After the meeting concluded, DreamXD left and promised that when he returned, he would have Dream with him.

And *of course*, he just *had* to come back the *one* time that Techno was the only one home.

“That’s him?” Techno asked, breathless as he stared at the god in front of him.

DreamXD nodded. “Yes. I think I’ve warned you enough for you to get the picture but again- if you hurt him, in any way. If I find out that I was wrong in trusting you- I will make that prison seem like a goddamn playground.” And with that, DreamXD walked forward and placed the small baby that he was holding in Techno’s arms.

The baby stared at him with bright green eyes and despite rarely seeing Dream’s face, Techno recognized the similarities instantly.

“Hullo.” He said softly as he looked at the baby in his arms for a couple moments. Then, he turned back to DreamXD who gave him a nod of approval right before teleporting away.

However, the bright flash that went throughout the room at his teleportation disturbed Dream. His eyebrows furrowed and his eyes began watering and oh no-

Dream was crying.

Techno froze. What the hell do you do with a crying baby? He tried to remember what his books had said but it seemed like the knowledge has just disappeared from his brain instantly. And as always, the voices were useless.

BABY DREAM!

wtf why is it crying

if we kill it- will it stop?

we are not killing the baby

Techno groaned but suddenly, he was hit with an idea. He could message Phil. Yes! Phil knew how to deal with this kind of thing. The crying from the baby got louder.

You whisper to Philza: PHIL. BABY'S HERE. HOW DO I MAKE IT STOP CRYING

A couple moments passed and there was no answer. Techno began spamming it.

You whisper to Philza: PHIL. BABY'S HERE. HOW DO I MAKE IT STOP CRYING

You whisper to Philza: PHIL. BABY'S HERE. HOW DO I MAKE IT STOP CRYING

You whisper to Philza: PHIL. BABY'S HERE. HOW DO I MAKE IT STOP CRYING

Philza whispers to you: i left u there for ten minutes how did u already make him cry

You whisper to Philza: IT WASN'T EVEN ME. DREAMXD'S FLASH DID IT.

Philza whispers to you: try giving him a blanket or smth lol. ill be there in fifteen

Techno lept into action immediately and began carrying the crying Dream to the nursery. But upon entering, Techno realized an issue: he had no idea where anything was. Phil had organized everything and they hadn't yet gotten around to doing a tour. In his arms, Dream managed to cry *louder*.

Why were babies so difficult?

Thankfully, it didn't take too long to find one and he spotted one in the crib pretty quickly.

But then, Techno encountered another problem: Dream didn't want to let go of his cape.

"C'mon little guy. I have a blanket for you." But Dream didn't relent and continued to hold the red fabric in his tiny hands. After a moment, Techno got another idea. Careful not to drop the baby, Techno slowly took off his cape. It soft, he knew that. Hopefully, it was soft enough to work as a blanket for now.

Techno started wrapping the fabric around Dream until he was just a bundle of red with a small face poking out. Then, he sat down on the rocking chair they had placed in the corner and began to gently rock him.

And to Techno's immense relief, it worked. The crying stopped pretty quickly and after a couple minutes of gentle rocking, Dream fell asleep.

Huh. Maybe he could actually do this after all.

George and Sapnap burst through the front door and immediately ran to the nursery. They had been out with Phil when they got the message that Dream was here and they didn't wait a single moment before bolting back as fast as they could.

When they finally made it to the nursery, George was surprised to see that Techno was sitting on a rocking chair, a small bundle in his hands that seemed to be wrapped in...Techno's cape? There was even a soft expression on the piglin hybrid's face but it lasted only a second before red eyes were meeting his with a glare so strong that George took a step back.

"He's sleeping." The other mouthed at him and George nodded in understanding.

Much slower and quieter this time, he began walking in. Sapnap remained right next to him but Phil stayed at the doorway, content with just watching.

When George got by Techno, he knelt down and took a closer look at the sleeping baby's face. It was undoubtedly Dream.

"Sapnap, it's him," George said, voice so quiet that only Sapnap would hear.

"It really is." The disbelief was evident in the other's voice. Then, it switched to teasing. "I bet his first words will be my name."

George whipped his head around and whispered back angrily. "No. We both know it'll be mine."

"I was his brother!"

"And I've always been his favorite!"

"Are you guys seriously arguing about this now?" Techno deadpanned.

Sapnap forgot to whisper the next time he spoke. "Yes. Now, who do you agree with?" Both George and Techno immediately turned and shushed him.

There was silence for a moment before Techno spoke again. "*My* name will be his first word, you morons." And the whispered argument resumed immediately.

Sapnap stared at the bottle in his hands. Then at the baby in front of him. Then, back at the bottle. And then at the waiting baby in front of him one more time.

How the hell did this work again? He should probably call someone else for help but Phil had asked him to feed Dream earlier and Sapnap, being the idiot he is, had accepted and said he didn't need help.

In his defense, it seemed pretty easy at the time. Just kind of stick the bottle in the baby's mouth and be done with it, right? But it was like the second he looked at Dream, his mind blanked. And he wasn't going to back out now. *Hell no.* George would never let him hear the end of it.

"Alright! Okay. We can do this Dream. Right?" Dream, being a literal baby, didn't respond with words. He did smile though so Sapnap considered it a win. "Uncle Sap's gonna figure this out."

Sapnap picked up Dream and moved him around, trying to find the best position to feed him. Eventually, he settled on letting Dream's head rest in the crook of his elbow and brought the bottle up to his mouth. Dream began sucking immediately and a small sigh of relief left him.

They stayed like that until Dream had his fill and then Sapnap pulled the bottle away and wiped any spilled milk from Dream's face.

"Alright, bud. Now, it's time to burp you...I think." Sapnap said, standing up and holding Dream against his shoulder with one hand and using the other to rub against his back. This, at least, he had done before.

When he was done, he shifted Dream into a more comfortable hold and grinned down at him. "Wanna go terrorize uncle Georgie now? My dads are coming later too so you can finally meet them as well."

They had agreed to let as few people know about Dream as possible. His parents, Puffy, Karl, Tubbo, and Ranboo were the only ones that knew about him thus far and they intended to keep it that way as long as they could. The former only knew because they were there when DreamXD shared the news the latter two knew because they needed parenting advice and they were also neighbors. Hiding a baby from them would be impossible. Actually, now that the egg was gone, the pair were getting ready to move to a mansion Foolish has built for them before the egg had infected the lands to the point they needed to move. They did promise to visit and bring Michael over for playdates once Dream was old enough to play so there was still that at least.

To the rest of the SMP, he and George had just decided that they couldn't be around them anymore and moved somewhere else instead. Which honestly wasn't wrong ~~Sapnap felt like he was going to throw up every time he caught sight of that godforsaken prison and the memories of Dream he had from nearly every part of the SMP sent him spiraling near constantly~~ but it was far from the whole truth.

Soon enough, Dream pulled him out of his thoughts by tugging the end of his bandana and trying to stuff a piece of it in his mouth.

Sapnap sighed fondly. Even as a baby, Dream was always a menace apparently.

“No, no, no.” He tutted gently and pulled the wet fabric out of Dream’s mouth. He’d have to wash it... *again*. “Sapnap’s bandana is not food.”

Dream slowly blinked at him once before slowly opening his mouth in a toothless grin. Sapnap didn’t even try to stop the smile that came on his face in return. He only broke it once he felt the communicator in his pocket ding.

BadBoyHalo whispers to you: I’m outside owo

BadBoyHalo whispers to you: I know I’m kind of early but Skeppy was being a muffinhead and didn’t want to wait

Sapnap snorted at the message. Very typical of his dad.

Then, he began making his way to the front door. Dream managed to get his hands on his bandana again but this time, Sapnap just let him.

“My dads are here early!” Sapnap called out as he passed the others on the way to the door.

“Alright, mate!” Phil called back to him. “Let them in quick- it’s freezing outside.”

And he wasn’t wrong. When Sapnap opened the door, a gust of cold air blew into the room and he held Dream even closer to him to protect him from it. Normally, he would just warm himself up with fire but he was holding Dream and didn’t want to risk anything.

“Awwwww, Skepppy look at him!” Bad squealed and walked right up to Sapnap to take a closer look.

Skeppy shut the door behind him but followed right after and began cooing at him immediately. It took them both about a solid two minutes of freaking out over Dream before they remembered they were other people in the room.

“Hello, Sapnap! Sorry for ignoring you, this little muffin was just too cute. I couldn’t help it. But how are you? How’s it been all the way out here?” It was no secret that Bad didn’t like them moving out all the way over here. Which Sapnap couldn’t really blame him for, to be honest, Sapnap was an absolute mess when he left and Bad wouldn’t be able to help him from all the way out there.

“It’s been good. Really good actually.” Sapnap answered honestly. “Being away from the main SMP has really helped me.”

Bad’s gaze softened. “I’m really glad to hear that. And you know I’m always just a ping away if you need me.” Then, he turned his attention back to Dream. “Now, can I carry him?”

Sapnap nodded and handed Dream to him. “Careful though. He’s going to try and eat your-”

But Bad waved him off. “Sapnap, I raised *you* for god’s sake. Don’t doubt my abilities to care for a child.”

Skeppy laughed. “True, you were terrible when you were younger.”

Bad just rolled his eyes. “Oh, don’t you start, Skeppy. You helped him with everything he did.” Skeppy just grinned proudly in response.

Then, a monotone voice joined in on the conversation. “Oh? Are we bullin’ Skeppy? I’ll join in on that.” Sapnap looked up to see that Techno, George, and Phil had all entered the room followed by a couple dogs.

Bad gasped at the sight of them. “You guys have *dogs*?”

Techno nodded. “Yea, I keep most of them in the dog house but I like keeping a couple inside when I can. These ones are gentle, they’re good with Dream.”

Sapnap wasn't the least bit surprised when his dad immediately sat on the floor, still carefully holding Dream, and gestured the dogs forward. The first dog forward sniffed them both before Dream's hand reached for one of its ears. Thankfully, Bad noticed immediately and grabbed the small hand back before he could reach it.

"No grabbing their ears, Dreamie. Here, you pet them like this." And Bad took one of Dream's hands and carefully pat the dog on the head with it.

Soon enough, Sapnap and Skeppy were joining Bad and they all sat on the floor together for hours, catching up and playing with the dogs.

Sapnap couldn't help the smile that remained on his face the entire time. He had really missed his dads.

The second that Phil saw the golden nugget in Dream's crib, he knew exactly what had happened. His crows had been with him since the beginning of his immortality so Phil could easily recognize all of their patterns. That included their tendency to pick 'favorite humans' and dote on them with random little gifts and trinkets they found. And now it appeared that Dream had managed to become one of them.

Phil turned to the crow nearest to him which was perched on the railing of the crib (look, he was *trying* to keep them outside but they could be unfairly stubborn when they wanted to be and always managed to find a way back in). "Alright. Fine. You can bring him gifts, just don't bring anything that he could get hurt on. Now go tell that to the rest of your flock before you end up making him choke or something. Techno *will* eat you for breakfast if you do." The crow chirped in response and Phil moved to open a window so that they could get out to the rest of the crows.

When the bird had successfully made it out, Phil turned his attention back to Dream.

"C'mon, Tubbo and Ranboo are over today! Don't you wanna see them?" He cooed as he stepped closer and picked him up.

At the mention of their names, Tubbo and Ranboo walked in the door. With just one look at them, giggling and hiding something behind their backs, Phil already knew they were planning *something*.

“Alright, you little shits, what are you going to do? I know you’re trying to pull something.”

Tubbo burst out in laughter instantly. “Okay. Okay! It’s nothing bad. But Ranboo took up sewing recently and just- Look.” Phil hesitantly handed Dream off to Ranboo and warily took the mess of fabric from Tubbo’s hands.

It was...a king outfit? Wait...it was *Techno’s* outfit.

Phil laughed in surprise as the realization hit him. *They had made a mini Techno outfit for Dream.*

“Do you like it?” Ranboo asked. “We even made a little paper crown to go with it. And Tubbo wanted me to make a sword too but I had to explain to him that no, we were not giving a literal baby a sword.”

“I still think we should have done it.”

Phil snorted. “Techno would have killed you. He and Sapnap are already arguing over who gets to give him his first sword and teach him how to use it. At least, that’s if Techno doesn’t kill you for this. Now, help me put it on him. He’s always so fussy when it comes to changing clothes.”

Thankfully, they managed to switch out his green onesie for the costume pretty easily. Ranboo, knowing the struggle of trying to dress a small human that didn’t want to be dressed, had made it as easy as possible for them despite Techno’s outfits always incredibly complicated. God knows how that man managed to get dressed like that on a daily basis.

Then, they began to head downstairs where Techno, George, and Sapnap were waiting.

Techno saw them first and waved a hand to greet them. “Hullo. Phil, have you seen the-” And then he caught sight of Dream and paused. “Phil...Is Dream...wearin’ my outfit?”

Barely stifling a laugh, Phil nodded and Techno paused again before grabbing Dream out of his hands and sitting down with him on his lap.

“Okay, little me. First of all, your outfit choice is fantastic. Absolutely *fantastic*. Now, I want you to say ‘anarchy’ for me. Can you do that?” Techo’s expression was so serious that if it weren’t for the fact that he was talking to a literal baby, Phil would have thought it was serious. At that point, Phil couldn’t help but burst out laughing. “Phil, quiet. I’m tryna teach him the ways of an anarchist.”

“Hey! Why didn’t he get a Sapnap outfit?” Sapnap said but it was obvious to everyone that he was trying not to laugh.

“Because your outfit is boring. Look at him! He’s dressed like a *king*.” Then, Techno turned back to Dream. “Dream we don’t like kings but we do like their style, alright? Unless the king is George. George has no style.”

“Hey!” George protested but continued laughing nonetheless.

“Am I wrong? You just wore a t-shirt and jeans and then added a cape as if that changed anything. It’s an insult to true royal fashion. See, this is why Dream’s my favorite. Dream would never do that.”

They continued arguing for the next couple hours or so, even long after Tubbo and Ranboo left. At some point, Dream was handed back to Phil and was now slowly falling asleep on him. Phil shifted in his seat and allowed one of his wings to wrap around him, enveloping one of his arms and by extension, Dream.

Then, he settled back into his chair and let his eyes fall shut. He would regret sleeping in this position later but right now he was tired and had a sleeping baby on him so he decided that was a problem for future Phil to deal with. So, with Dream still tucked, safe and warm, under Phil’s wing, he fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes

I WROTE FLUFF FOR U GUYS ARE U HAPPY

also me and my beta established that i am skeppy and that she is bad because my spelling is absolutely atrocious rip

beta details ofcc: Lunar_YT on ao3, Lunar_ArtistYT on twitter, and Lunar Artist on youtube

AND ALSO IF UR READING THIS HI I LOVE U. have a good day and remember that u are v appreciated :3

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

To absolutely no one's surprise, when news got out about Dream, it was Tommy's fault. As are most things on this server.

They all knew it was going to happen eventually and had all mentally prepared themselves for it. Honestly, Techno was surprised they even lasted this long. An entire four years had gone by and the main SMP remained completely unaware of the fact that Dream was there.

In that time, much had changed. Sapnap *finally* got married to Karl and moved into Ranboo's old home and soon after, George built his own house nearby since he 'couldn't exactly live in that room forever.' They had all argued over who Dream was going to stay with for days before finally deciding that he would stay at Techno's but there were no restrictions on sleepovers. Dream had also gone from a baby to a child. A very chaotic child.

Honestly, Techno should have expected that from Dream of all people but he had really good puppy eyes and Techno was weak (though he would rather die than admit a four-year-old could trick him).

But despite the chaos that came with raising Dream, life was good. Dream had even become friends with Michael and some of the children from the nearby village. Tubbo and Ranboo brought Michael over whenever they came now which was pretty regularly. Despite everything that had happened in the past, even he and Tubbo had managed to become friends.

And it was on one of these visits that everything went wrong.

They were all at George's house that evening. Basically, everyone that knew about Dream was there (excluding DreamXD and Foolish). Michael and Dream were playing around on the floor as the rest of the room argued over something stupid as they always did.

They were so engrossed that the sound of the back door being opened and closed almost slipped by. Almost.

Techno had several too many attempts on his life to just miss something like that. In an instant, his

hands were on his sword and he was pulling Dream behind him.

someone's here

BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD

finally, we haven't had a proper fight in a while

BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD

BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD

“Techno? What happened?” A voice cut through the voices. Phil.

“Someone’s here,” Techno responded. “Karl, Tubbo, Ranboo, you three watch the kids. Sapnap and George guard the doors so they can’t leave. Phil and I will look for the intruder.” The room complied with his instructions without a moment of hesitation. Once he was sure that Dream was guarded, he began his search.

It didn’t take long. Whoever decided it was a good idea to mess with Technoblade was also an idiot apparently because they didn’t even properly close the closet door.

And there was only one person on this server that would do that.

Techno sighed. “Tommy. I know you’re there and I know it’s you.” No one answered. “Tommy, I have a sword in my hand and there are about a hundred different voices in my head yellin’ at me to stab ya. So, get out before I listen.” Finally, the closet door creaked open and Tommy poked his head out sheepishly.

“Hey, Big Man! Thanks for y’know, not killing me. Now, if you’d let me just hop out that front door, I’ll be completely out of your-”

Techno stopped him. “Nope. Not getting out of it that easily.” Tommy tried to bolt but Techno grabbed the back of his shirt immediately.

“But if Tubbo knows I’m here he’ll be cross with me and he *just* got over me almost forgetting Michael at the lake.” Despite the years that had passed, Tommy’s ability to act like a literal child remained the same.

“Tommy, you broke into my house. Explain.”

Tommy huffed. “Tubbo and Ranboo have been running around here for years and they just refuse to tell me why and at first it was just like ‘oh fine you want to visit Technoblade’ but then they mentioned another child and I went ‘why would the Blade have a *child*?’. So, you can’t really fault me for coming over here! I mean if you were in my situation you would do the same.”

“No, Tommy. I would’ve done this thing, I don’t know if you’ve heard of it but it’s called *mindin’ my own business*.” Techno stressed the last words before whipping around and calling out to everyone else. “It’s alright! It was just Tommy.”

“Tommy?” Tubbo yelled back, anger evident just by his voice. Tommy paled and if Techno were a better man, he might have pitied him. “Tommy, what the hell are you doing here?” Tubbo marched around the corner followed by the others. “Tommy why can’t you just leave things alone. I told you several times just to let me have this! My life doesn’t have to center around you all the time.”

“I know! But then I heard you talk about-” Tommy’s eyes widened and Techno felt his stomach drop as he realized what Tommy was looking at. Dream was peaking behind Sapnap’s leg at the “It was true! Why do you have a *child* here? Who is that?”

Techno turned to quiet Dream before he could respond but it was too late.

“Me? My name’s Dream!”

“What the fuck.” Tommy looked at the child in front of him and disturbingly enough, it looked exactly like Dream. He had only actually seen his face once, that day with the egg, but Puffy had

shown him a couple pictures of Dream when he was younger and the two looked identical. “What the FUCK.”

“Language!” Bad scolded and Techno moved, picking up the child and covering his ears.

Why was *Technoblade* picking up a *child*?

“Tommy stop swearin’. Dream’s only four.” Four years old...If *this* Dream was four then it meant that he was born right after Dream’s death.

What the hell was going on?

“Is that...Is that Dream? Like our Dream?” Tommy asked, dumbfounded. But that wasn’t possible. Shouldn’t be possible, at least.

Everyone else in the room fell quiet. Then, Phil pulled out his communicator and typed something out. George’s communicator pinged and he moved to show it to the rest of the group before they all typed back a response.

“What? What the hell are you all talking about?” Still, no one answered and they continued typing. Tommy opened his mouth to speak again but Tubbo glared at him and he closed it right back. Maybe not the best idea to speak.

In his defense, he wasn’t expecting this. Well, he’s not sure what he expected. But this wasn’t it. Tubbo just kept disappearing and when Tommy didn’t know where Tubbo was, he *panicked*.

Look, Tommy knew it wasn’t healthy. He had a dependency issue or whatever according to Puffy. It was just that when Tubbo wasn’t around, Tommy felt a bone-deep fear that *something* was going to go wrong and he would never see him again. That they were going to be ripped away from each other or Tubbo would find a new person to replace him...again.

So, when he noticed Tubbo and Ranboo regularly visiting somewhere, he couldn’t help but ask about it. He backed off a bit after he found out it was by Techno but then Ranboo mentioned another child and that was just a step too far.

The only explanations were basically that either *Technoblade* or all people had gotten a child or that Tubbo and Ranboo were considering getting another one. Tommy was not fond of the idea of a second child. Michael had already taken Tubbo's attention away from him enough and he did not want to risk that happening again. Even Ranboo had taken attention away from him so he didn't want to find out what another child would do. He needed to figure out what was going on.

Not for the first time in his life, Tommy wished he had just stayed home and ignored his impulse for once.

Finally, the typing stopped and the people around him seemed to have reached a decision.

“Long story short, yes. This is Dream. Do you remember how DreamXD explained to us how Dream was created?” George asked and Tommy nodded. “Basically, he did that again. Our Dream is still gone but we were given the chance to raise this version again.”

Tommy stared at George in disbelief.

“Seriously?” His voice was barely a whisper. That...That was...Tommy didn’t know how to feel about that.

George nodded.

“What’s going to stop him from growing up and going insane again?” Tommy blurted out. That was obviously not the right thing to say as everyone in the room tensed up immediately. Before anyone responded though, a fucking *bird* flew at him. “HEY! GET OFF OF ME, YOU STUPID CROW.” But the bird didn’t listen. It must be one of Phil’s, Tommy realized. Why were Phil’s crows defending Dream? “PHIL! CALL IT OFF!”

Phil just burst out laughing in response like there wasn’t a bird *literally trying to peck Tommy’s eyes out at the moment*.

“PHIL!”

“Fine. Fine. Get off of him, we’ll deal with him.” And Tommy would have *sworn* that the bird glared at him as he made his way back over to Phil’s shoulder. Tommy glared back.

“Sending a bird to attack me didn’t exactly answer my question,” Tommy said, crossing his arms.

Phil rolled his eyes. “Christ, you’re a gremlin. We’ll answer them later. We have to go introduce him to the rest of the SMP now before you go off and tell everyone yourself.”

Tommy frowned but didn’t argue back against the accusation. He didn’t want to get attacked by the bird again.

George spoke up again, sighing. “Techno, send the message out. We should get this over with as soon as we can.”

Technoblade: Meet at the community house tomorrow at noon

Ph1LzA: ^^

GeorgeNotFound: ^^

Sapnap: ^^

“That should be good enough,” Techno said once all the messages were out and then looked up at Tommy. “You’re stayin’ with me tonight. I don’t trust you to not spill everything the second we’re there. George, you can take Dream.”

“But Uncle Techhh, you said you would read me the big book again tonight.” The child- Dream- shook his head pouting and grabbed onto Techno. Tommy would never admit it but it was kinda cute

“Techno please tell me you are not reading ‘The Art of War’ to Dream,” George said, exasperated.

“Uhhhh....we can get back to that part later. Anyway, can you let go of me, Dream? C’mon, I’ll read you an extra page next time if you do.” That seemed to convince the small blonde and he nodded, letting go of Techno and allowing himself to be passed over to Sapnap and then to George.

The whole scene was disturbingly domestic. Why was Techno being so damn nice with Dream? Picking him up was one thing but reading books to him at night? That was completely unlike him. Tommy knew for a fact that he hated kids. And since when was he close with someone other than Phil?

For now, Tommy ignored those questions. The bird was still far too close for comfort.

“Alright, now come on Tommy,” Techno said, shifting right back to his usual monotone persona and pulling him in the direction of the door.

They left George’s house and made the short walk back to Techno’s- neither saying a word the entire time.

“You can sleep in that room,” Techno said once they were inside, pointing to an empty room that Tommy (knew for certain hadn’t) there when he had lived here years beforehand.

Right next to it was what looked like Dream’s room and Tommy couldn’t help but wonder what else was inside.

Almost like he could sense his thoughts, Techno shut that idea down immediately. “Nope. Don’t even think about it. If you try anything, I’ll be up before you can get out of the room. The crows will be watchin’ you as well.” Tommy huffed but nodded and headed to the room that Techno had pointed at.

It took him a lot longer than it normally did to sleep that night, his mind still plagued with questions. Eventually, though, his eyes became heavy and he was off into a deep sleep until the next morning.

Sapnap woke up the next morning with a sense of dread already present.

They were going to have to tell the rest of the SMP now. The peace they had formed in these past few years was gone just like that. Nothing could be the same again. Dream would be known by everyone.

Including Quackity.

It was impossible for the news not to eventually reach Quackity and Sam. Would his former fiance stoop so low as to hurt a child? Sapnap wanted to say no but he hadn't exactly expected him to torture his best friend either. Honestly, Sapnap had no idea what that man was capable of and it terrified him.

Sapnap would protect Dream the whole time. Obviously. But what if he failed? It wouldn't be the first time. What if he failed and this time Dream was gone for good? he doubted XD would be as kind this time.

"Mmm, you okay babe? I just felt you get all tensed up." A sleepy voice from behind him asked. Sapnap turned so that he was facing Karl and pulled the shorter closer to him.

"Yea, just not ready for today. I'm scared they're gonna hurt Dream. Again. Or what'll happen if they tell *him*." Quackity's name was rarely spoken, but Karl knew exactly who he meant.

"Hey..." A soft hand made its way to Sapnap's face and he melted into the touch. "It'll be alright. They're both locked up right now. And from what I've heard, they're both working on being better." Sapnap nodded and shifted closer to Karl, allowing himself to find the comfort he needed in his husband.

Sapnap isn't sure how long they stayed like that but eventually, a ping from his communicator made him move.

GeorgeNotFound whispers to you: stop cuddling ur fiance and get out here

You whisper to GeorgeNotFound: you were literally our best man

GeorgeNotFound whispers to you: and how long did it take you again?

Sapnap couldn't help but laugh at the interaction. George seemed to be a lot calmer than him at least. Probably because he got to keep Dream with him last night. It was basically impossible to be in a bad mood when that kid was around.

"C'mon. George said it's time to go." Sapnap said, getting out of bed and stretching out.

Karl groaned and squinted at him from the bed. "Any askers?"

"You cannot keep using that to avoid getting out of bed every morning." Sapnap shot back fondly. Normally, Karl would complain for a couple more minutes but today he just sighed and slowly slipped out of bed.

The rest of the morning was spent in relative silence, both absorbed in their own thoughts as they got ready to leave. Everyone was already waiting for them by the time they were done. George carrying Dream while Phil and Techno stood to the side with Tommy.

"Took you long enough," George said while Dream frantically waved at him.

The boy hopped to the ground and instantly began rambling at him. "Uncle Sap! We're going on an adventure. Well, uncle Tech is saying that it's not an adventure and that it's business but then I said that I've never been there before so it's an adventure. And then Tommy- OH AND I HAVE A NEW FRIEND! Tommy said he would be my friend. Anyways, he said that I've been there before and I said that he was a liar and I don't want a liar as a friend but-"

Sapnap sighed and knelt to Dream's level. "Hey, sorry bud but I need to talk to George for a bit. Do you think you can go hang out with your new friend while we walk until I'm done?"

The blonde's eyebrows furrowed but he nodded. "Fine, but will you tell me what's wrong after?"

Sapnap froze. "Nothing's wrong." Dream thankfully didn't argue back but based on the look on his face, Sapnap knew that he didn't believe him.

Techno called for them to start walking after that and as they did, Sapnap moved so that he was next to George.

“That kid is wayyy too smart for his own good.”

George snorted. “Are you surprised? It’s Dream.”

“I know but that doesn’t make it any less weird. And now with Techno helping raise him, I am going to be scared as shit of him when he’s older. Imagine a manhunt with him.” Sapnap grinned at the look on George’s face.

“Absolutely not. Never. We are never telling him about the manhunts.” Sapnap opened his mouth to respond but then, George’s tone changed. “I mean, now we lost control of that too, didn’t we? I have no idea what they’ll tell him. I don’t want him to have to find out what our Dream did. Or what we did to him. Not now. One day we’ll have to have that conversation but he’s still too young.”

George was just as scared as him, Sapnap realized. He was just much better at hiding it.

“I know, George. I know.” They lapsed into silence after that, neither knowing what to say.

Much too soon for his comfort, they were stepping through the nether portal. And what seemed like only minutes later, they were stepping back out of it and into the main SMP.

It was time.

Karl’s hand slipped into his, giving him a tight squeeze. Even though it was half an hour until noon, he could already see the community house full of people.

Dream was already excitedly babbling on about everything around him but not a single word registered in Sapnap’s head. His other hand fell to his sword instinctively as he prepared for the conversation that was about to take place.

The people gathered spotted them and made their way over to the portal.

Fundy stepped forward first. “What happened? Why’d you call us?”

The group stood in silence. For all their worry, they had actually prepared very little for what they were going to say. After another beat of silence, Sapnap sighed and spoke up.

“We needed to introduce you to someone.” Sapnap gestured to Dream who stood next to him.
“This is Dream.”

Chapter End Notes

okie i ended up needing to add an extra chapter to this. the chapter got wayy to long and i had no choice.

also just letting yall know that the second ending is angsty as hell. RIP TO YALL.
AND GO CHECK OUT MY BETA OFC! she has actually made art for this which i forgot to plug before! but its so good!!!

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/30157902/chapters/74342532>
anyway hope yall enjoyed this and remember that i adore u all <3

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Puffy started at the small boy in front of her. She had known what DreamXD had done, she was there for that conversation, but she'd never seen him until now.

She'd wanted to, of course, she did, but she couldn't. She had failed. She had failed *so* badly raising him last time that the idea of trying anything like that again was borderline terrifying. DreamXD's words echoed in her head every time she tried to muster the courage to ask to see him.

Luckily, George was there to provide stories of him and the occasional picture so it wasn't like she was completely out of his life. This was similar to a few years ago, it was just that this time, she remained on the sidelines and allowed others to do the job she failed to do.

And she taught herself how to be okay with that.

But now, standing in front of him, Puffy wished she could have met him under better circumstances. He looked the same as he did all those years ago. Blond, fluffy hair sticking out in a mess that was always impossible to fix and freckles splattered all over his face.

Dream was looking over the crowd, too excited to notice their confusion and when his eyes landed on her, it seemed to grow even more.

"I like your hat!" He exclaimed excitedly and tried to step forward to see it but Sapnap gently tugged him back and whispered something in his ear.

His words seemed to have broken the shock that had fallen over the room though and finally, everyone began speaking.

"Wha- What do you mean that's Dream? Dream's gone."

"*How?*"

“That *child* is Dream?”

Dream seemed pretty unbothered by the loud chatter of his former(?) friends, he had wandered over to Techno who was standing next to-

Why was *Tommy* there?

Puffy groaned as the realization hit her. They had *just* talked about this.

Tommy came into his latest session ranting about a new child and his usual issues with Tubbo. She had, as always, reminded him that Tubbo was his own person and allowed to keep secrets if he wanted to. And Tommy looked like he understood! He had nodded and said that he wouldn't do anything. But, obviously, he hadn't listened.

And now they had to share the knowledge of Dream with the rest of the SMP and there was no way any of them were happy about that.

In front of them, George whispered something to the rest of the group and then glanced over at her. Whatever it was, they seemed to all agree and George lifted up Dream and began walking in their direction.

In *her* direction.

George greeted her with a smile but Puffy could see the tightness in it.

“Can you take him with you while we explain things to the rest of them?” Puffy was shocked but nodded. “Thank you. You’re going with Papa Puffy, alright Dreamie? She’ll take care of you. You have your communicator if anything goes wrong.”

Dream nodded and let himself be placed on the floor. Then, George walked off and left her with Dream.

“Here, I know a nice place to go this way,” Puffy said, pushing down all of her other feelings. She had a child on her hands now, she could deal with those later.

“Wait! You can’t just take him away.” Fundy cried out. “We don’t even know what happened. We need to-”

“We’ll answer your questions.” Techno cut him off. “We just brought him so you could see proof he was here. He’s *four*, we’re not letting you interrogate him.” No one missed the way that Techno’s hand moved closer to his sword. An obvious threat.

With that, Puffy turned around and began walking down the steps, helping Dream as she did.

“So, how are you, duckling?”

Dream’s face lit up. “I haven’t been here before! I don’t get why everyone’s mad. I even made a new friend! Oh, are you my friend too?” Puffy nodded enthusiastically and if it was possible, smiled wider. “Then I made two friends! If I make one more, that’s four.” Puffy barely held in a laugh at the realization that even at four years old, Dream was already terrible at math. Some things never change. Years ago, she had attempted to teach him math but beyond the numbers in coding, he never seemed to learn.

“Oka, my little duckling. Do you want to go to a bakery? I know a really nice one nearby. My wife runs it.” Puffy said, pride seeping into her voice.

“Alright, Papa Puffy! Can I get a cookie? *Pleaseee*?” Puffy did a double-take at the name but relaxed again right immediately after, a bright smile forming on her face.

“Of course you can, duckling. Of course, you can.”

It didn’t take long to explain everything. Sapnap told most of the story other than occasional intervals from George or Philza. He kept it the bare necessities. Even if he had to tell them about Dream, it didn’t mean they were getting any proper details. No one interrupted. Whether it was out of respect for him or fear of Techno he didn’t know but he was grateful for nonetheless.

“...So. That’s about it. Any questions?” Several hands shot up immediately. “Uhhh...Punz? Yea, Punz you go.”

"Can we properly meet him now? I mean, look, man, I know I messed up. We all did. But I miss him. You weren't his only friends. If there's a way I can be in his life, I want to be." Punz asked, fiddling with the gold chain around his neck.

Sapnap shrugged. "Maybe. Honestly, you'll probably need to check in with DreamXD. He's very protective."

As if he was called, a bright light went throughout the room, and Sapnap barely held in a groan. He had been hoping that they could have this conversation somewhere else and without half the SMP watching.

"Thank you for explaining Sapnap but I can take over from here." Sapnap sighed in relief that the god wasn't mad at him and nodded quickly, stepping aside. "Now, if I had it my way, none of you would have found out about Dream until he was at least old enough to beat you all in a fight. But, because of *someone*. That isn't a possibility." DreamXD shot a glare at Tommy that was so vicious that even Techno looked off-put by it.

Tommy nervously laughed. "I didn't know that was going to happen! But me and Dream are buddies now! We're friends. Best friends actually! I'd never hurt him." Tommy looked terrified and Sapnap had to try *very* hard not to snort at the sight.

"Tommy. You're not a child anymore. You can't just do these kinds of things and get away with them. So, apologize."

Tommy visibly gulped and turned to the rest of them. "I'm sorry for uhh...sneaking into your home. And disturbing you all. And making you reveal Dream. And Tubbo, I'm sorry for not leaving you alone." The blonde seemed to be practically forcing out the words as DreamXD continued to glare at him.

"Anyway, I will allow you all to see Dream but if there is any reason to believe you will cause him harm, there will be consequences. And it must be under the supervision of one of them." DreamXD said, gesturing to the group and then glaring at Tommy once more.

Deciding to take pity on Tommy, Sapnap turned the attention to him and asked questions that had been on his mind all day. "What are we going to do about Quackity and Sam?"

“You tell them,” DreamXD said simply.

Sapnap took a step back in shock. Before he could respond, Phil did. “Are you sure that telling them is the right idea, mate?”

DreamXD nodded. “Apparently, none of you can keep a secret and I already know it’ll get to them eventually. So, it’s a matter of how to present it. Quackity seemed affected most by your words Sapnap. If he’ll listen to anyone, I would assume it to be you.”

Sapnap was at a loss for words. On one hand, it made sense? He only started showing regret once he knew that Sapnap and Karl were leaving him. But on the other hand, it would mean seeing Quackity again and Sapnap didn’t know if he would ever be ready for that.

But it was for *Dream*.

And if talking to Quackity would help him, that’s what he would do.

“Okay. I’ll do it.” George and Karl both shot him looks of concern. A silent ‘*are you sure?*’. “If it’s for Dream, I’d do anything.”

Just over an hour later, Sapnap found himself in a small room divided in the middle with glass. He nervously fidgeted with his wedding band as he waited for Quackity to come in. Thankfully, Ponk had agreed to be the one to tell Sam so Quackity was his only worry.

Much too soon, the door was cracking open and *he* walked in.

Their eyes met and Sapnap couldn’t help the gasp that left him. His hair was grown out a bit more, and it was fixed to partially cover the large scar that went over his face. He wore an orange jumpsuit but even now, still had that stupid beanie over his head.

Quackity sat down on the chair opposite him. “You- you really came.” Sapnap nodded. “Why?”

Sapnap decided to just blurt it out like he did with the rest of the SMP earlier. “Dream’s back. Been back. It’s...complicated to explain. Essentially, Dream wasn’t born the same way we were. He was created by DreamXD. When he died, he became one with DreamXD again but now they separated again. He doesn’t have any memories or anything, he’s a child all over again. The only reason I’m telling you any of this is that I’d rather it come from me than you find out on your own and try to do something to hurt him. And if you even try, I swear to god, I will make sure you regret it. Techno, George, Philza, DreamXD, and I would make sure that you regret even just the thought of it. Do you understand me?” Sapnap kept his amber eyes trained on Quackity but the other wasn’t looking back. Instead, he was staring at the ring on his finger.

When Quackity spoke again, his voice was quiet. “You and Karl got married?”

Flame began to dance at the edges of Sapnap’s fingers as he processed the words. “Seriously? That’s what you’re worried about? Quackity, you were never going to get a chance with us again.”

Quackity raised his head to meet Sapnap’s eyes. “Why not? Look, I’ve spent four fucking years in this goddamn prison and I’ve gotten better. I talk to a shrink every week and you go and get married? And not even think about telling me? I thought the guards were just fucking with me when they told me. But no, you two actually did it. You went off, got married, and got a child. And just left me here. Do you do shit like that often? Go and have a happy life and leave the person you ‘loved’ in prison?”

Sapnap had never hated anything as much as he hated the glass separating him from Quackity. “Shut the *hell* up.” He practically growled. “Your situations are nothing alike. One of you was put in an inhumane prison without a trial and was tortured constantly. And the other is in here! Have you even seen this place? You get the chance to be better. Even if you’re stuck in here for the rest of your life, you have a courtyard, people to talk to, good food, entertainment, everything. I will regret what happened with Dream for every moment of my goddamn life but I have never regretted killing you or sticking you here for a *second*.”

“I was being better! I was being better for *you* and you guys just moved on from me.”

Sapnap was practically shaking with anger at this point. “We don’t owe you a relationship. You tortured my best friend for god’s sake! Why the hell would I get back together with you? I don’t care if you get better. I don’t care how much you change. You aren’t getting my forgiveness. You’re not getting Karls either. End of story.”

Neither said a word for a moment, fiery ambers met dark brown, a staring contest surrounded by careful silence starting between the two former lovers

Finally, Quackity broke the silence. “So that’s it then? Dream’s back and you and Karl have moved on?”

“That’s been it for four years, Quackity,” Sapnap answered, tone clipped.

“Fine,” Quackity says, defeated.

“You won’t hurt him? Because I promise you that if you even think about it-”

Quackity cut him off. “I won’t. I’ll let you guys be. It’s not like I can even get out of this place. If it’s the last thing I get to do for you two, it’ll be this.”

It’s as much of an ending as he would have expected from the conversation and with that, Sapnap stands up. “Goodbye, Quackity.”

The response is quiet but he stills hears it. “Goodbye, Sapnap.”

His mind is buzzing as he makes his way out of the prison and he barely processes anything until suddenly he’s back outside and there’s someone jumping onto him, engulfing him in a hug.

Sapnap is shocked for a moment before his mind catches up to his eyes and he realizes that it’s just Karl.

“Are you alright?”

“Yeah. Yeah, I think I am.” And to Sapnap’s surprise, he’s not lying. “But I think I’m ready to go now. Let’s head home.”

George giggled softly as Dream finally finished his rant about the day. Despite how hectic it had

been for the rest of them, he seemed to have had a good time at least.

“Are we gonna go there more? *Pleassee*? I really wanna go to the bakery again.” Dream asked, looking at George with some of the most lethal puppy eyes he had ever seen but he remained unimpressed.

“Go try those on your Uncle Tech or Sap. You know they’re the only ones that fall for that.” Dream broke out into a grin and nodded, running straight to their direction.

Phil slid up next to him a moment later. “Bet’s on who’s gonna fall for it first?”

Both Karl and George replied instantly, “Sapnap.”

The winged man shook his head. “It’s going to be Techno. I’ll put five pieces of gold on that.”

“Deal.”

The three watched on as Dream walked up to them and shyly repeated his question. George could practically see them debating on if it was safe or not in their minds before Dream doubled down on his puppy eyes and they were both goners.

Techno opened his mouth, ready to respond, and George almost prepared to admit defeat before Sapnap cut him off. “Alright, little guy, I’ll take you back in a week or so.”

George grinned and turned to Philza who was already shaking his head.

“Fine. You little shits. The one time that Techno doesn’t fall for it immediately.” He grumbled, pulling out an ender chest.

“Let’s goooooo!” George celebrated as his prize was passed into his hands. This was very obviously not one of his brightest ideas because Techno whipped around immediately at the sound.

“Heh? Are you guys bettin’ on us again?” Techno paused as he took in the scene and saw Phil handing Karl his money. “Phil, did you bet *against* me?”

George practically doubled over laughing at the disbelief in the piglin hybrid’s voice.

Sapnap joined in as well now. “And you Karl? George is understandable but you? My own husband?”

“Betrayals all around, Sapnap,” Techno said, shaking his head. “It’s just you, me, and Dream now. You won’t betray us, right Dream?”

Dream shook his head adamantly, “Nope!”

Then, the sound of a knock on the door made the conversation stop. A tense silence took over as George stood up to answer it but to his relief, it was just Foolish.

“Hey! I’m here to see Dream! I heard about everything that happened earlier and decided to visit!” The god said brightly.

At the sound of his voice, Dream came running to the door and jumped at him. “Foolish!”

“Hello, Dream!” Then, he turned back to George and asked, “Now that people know about him can I take him to my new build?”

George sighed. “Is it finished?”

Foolish nodded. “Yes! I even Dream-proofed it so that he can’t just start climbing places and hiding again.”

From the corner of his eyes, George saw Dream grin. “Dream that is not a challenge.”

Dream pouted. “Why *nottt* ?”

“Because last time, we couldn’t find you for three hours and your Uncle Sap almost started crying.”

Sapnap cried out in protest. “I did *not*.”

“We all saw you, Sapnap.”

The blaze hybrid huffed but didn’t reply again. Turning back to Dream, George said, “Anyway, it’s about time for bed now. Who’s house are you staying at tonight? If you stay at mine, I’ll make pancakes.”

The room immediately exploded in protests.

“That’s bribery! That doesn’t count.”

“Dream, you *just* promised you wouldn’t betray us.”

But George already knew that the second he mentioned pancakes, it was a done deal. Techno and Sapnap would probably get him back at some but that was a problem for him to deal with later.

Right before Dream accepted though, Techno leaned down and whispered something in his ear.

Instantly, Dream’s eyes widened. “I’m okay! I’ll go with Uncle Tech tonight.”

George suspiciously narrowed his eyes at the pair. “What did he offer you?”

“Nothin! Absolute nothing. Now, if you’ll excuse us, Dream and I will be on our way.” Techno said quickly and began heading for the door. Instantly, it hit George.

“You are *not* letting him touch your sword.” Dream had been asking to do so for months but George had remained on a firm no. He was not letting a four-year-old near netherite. Especially if

that four-year-old was Dream.

Techno moved quicker. “Sorry! Can’t understand you. I think you have a sore throat? You should get that checked out. Anyway, byeee!”

And with another loud, “Bye!” from Dream, the pair left with the totem god close behind.

Slowly, George turned to Phil. “You’re stopping them.”

Phil just shrugged. “Is anyone able to stop them when they get their mind on something? I’ll make sure they’re safe.”

George groaned. “Whatever. The rest of you leave, I’m tired.”

“Awww is poor Gogy tired?” Sapnap teased, pulling him in for a hug goodbye.

“Yes. Now leave.” George deadpanned in response. Sapnap rolled his eyes but they all began to head for the door, calling out goodbyes.

When the last person left, George let out a sigh, and a smile slowly crept on his face. Despite his anxiety earlier, everything had gone well. Telling everyone went about as good as it could have gone and now they didn’t even have to worry about Quackity and Sam.

When George stepped into his room, he couldn’t help but go to a small chest he kept tucked in his closet and open it with a soft smile. Inside was Dream’s mask. Even after all these years, it remained in the same condition. No one other than him, and occasionally Sapnap, was allowed to touch it. Maybe it was selfish but George figured he was allowed to be a little selfish.

He still misses his Dream. Of course, he does. Nothing can replace him or completely get rid of the wound that his love’s death left on him. But the wound has been soothed by a small boy whose eyes shine the same way *his* used to and who laughs is nearly identical.

He placed a soft kiss on the smooth surface of the mask and whispered, “I love you.”

Unsurprisingly, only silence responded and George knew he would never hear it back.

But tomorrow morning, he would head over to Techno's house and a blonde ball of energy would come rushing towards him with a hug. More than likely, there would be a rant about how the night had gone that George would listen along to, nodding and chiming in occasionally. Maybe he'd even get the smaller to spend the night at his home later and they'd make pancakes together the next day.

George has never loved anyone as much as he's loved Dream, he realizes with a smile. Either version rank above everyone else. There is a permanent place for a boy with green eyes and blond hair in George's heart.

The smile remains until he falls asleep that night, mask still held tightly in his hands.

Chapter End Notes

„i didnt mean to make it sad ok this was supposed to be just fluffy but then angst ANYWAYY that's it! last chapter! if you want to see more of child!dream subscribe to the series cause i have more of that coming up. or if you want to see the second ending then here's the link!

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/30593624>

just please please heed the trigger warnings. it starts off the same as chapter eight but diverges and features what would have happened if they did revive dream! also a LOTT of dream angst and rivalstwt. and! all of my works will be in the ':3 anon works' so yall can find em easier

and my beta of course!! Lunar_YT on ao3, Lunar_ArtistYT on twitter, and Lunar Artist on youtube!! thank u sm

anyway, thank u all so much for reading. your support has been insane. i cant believe i went from a oneshot to a 30k word fic. i love u all so much. <33

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!